

# COUNTRY LIFE

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN  
COUNTRY LIFE AND COUNTRY PURSUITS. ILLUSTRATED.

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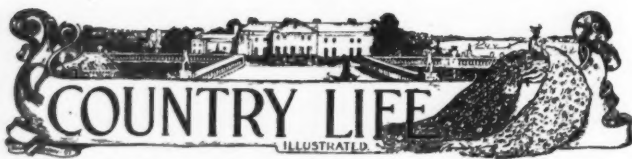
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THE Journal for all interested in  
Country Life and Country Pursuits.

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## EDITORIAL NOTICE.

The Editor will be glad to receive for consideration photographs, instantaneous or otherwise, besides literary contributions, in the shape of articles and descriptions, as well as short stories, sporting or otherwise, not exceeding 2,000 words. Contributors are specially requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS. and on the backs of photographs. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in COUNTRY LIFE alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require.

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## THE WAR AND . . . . . . THE COUNTRY

THERE are subjects which force themselves forward, demanding to be discussed in an imperious tone which brooks no denial, and this war in South Africa is emphatically one of them. Politics need not enter into the matter at all. Mr. Kruger may be a latter-day Pilgrim Father, a lover of peace who has been goaded into taking up arms against the Queen, or he may be a tyrannous oligarch, shrewd but narrow-minded, or he may be animated by an empire-making ambition. Mr. Chamberlain may be an Angel of Light, or of Darkness, or midway between the two. For the moment these things do not matter; they will probably never be discussed in these columns. But it does matter very much that Mr. Kruger has taken up arms against the Queen, that Great Britain is sending out her strong sons of high and low degree to face a formidable foe, that great victories have been won, that sad losses of beloved lives have been the price of them, and that Saxon and Norman and Dane and Celt have set their teeth for a great struggle. Years ago John Bright, in a splendid sentence, said, "The Angel of Death is hovering over the land; you can almost hear the beating of his wings." Lord Rosebery, in a noble speech he made last week, uttered a phrase of almost equal majesty: "I do know this, that the country is watching, with

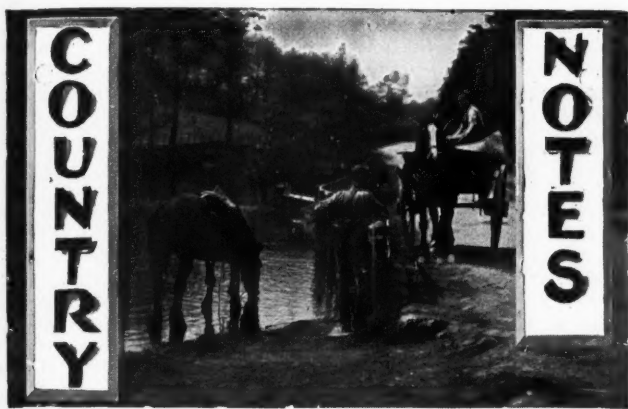
an anxiety so keen that you can almost hear its pulses, the progress of that comparative handful of gallant men." The subject simply cannot be avoided. There is hardly, we venture to say, among the multitudinous readers of COUNTRY LIFE one man or woman who has not abundant cause for keen personal interest and anxiety in this great struggle. Confident in the result we may be, and we are; but the price is heavy. Some of us have already to mourn husbands, fathers, brothers, and friends who have given their lives for the honour of their country, and none of us know when his turn may come to be among the mourners.

But there are one or two observations which may be made without impertinence at this time of stress and anxiety; and the first of them is an utterance of consolation. We have become, undoubtedly, a luxurious people; but we are clearly not effete, and the lamp of patriotism burns as clearly and as brightly as ever. Moreover, it has been shown that our officers, young and old, are none the worse fighters in the field because they are sometimes fine gentlemen at home. But it is apart from the prowess of our soldiers that the chief cause for contentment comes. The public spirit of the British people has never been shown in a manner more marked and satisfactory than during these past few weeks. Nobody is gleeful, all are firm and steady. Mothers and fathers and wives and brothers and sisters cannot pretend to part cheerfully with those who are going, full of life and vigour, upon a perilous enterprise. Reservists who have found civil employment naturally do not like the act of giving it up and of joining the colours again. But on all hands, amongst the lowest no less than amongst the highest, the steadfast spirit of self-sacrifice and duty is manifest and omnipresent. It takes various forms. It is shown in the infinitesimal figures of desertion, not insignificant, but rather significant in the truest sense of the words. It is shown in the alacrity with which the Reservists have flocked to the colours, affording the best possible demonstration of the value, which some had doubted, of our military system. It is made manifest no less in the determination of employers as a body that Reservists who are forced to leave their situations shall find them open to them when they return. Best of all, it is apparent in the spontaneous efforts that are being made by employers to grant "war allowance," so to speak, to the wives and families of the men who have gone over seas. Nowhere is there a sign of faltering. The call came, and it was obeyed on the spot with simple and un murmuring promptitude. The Queen had need of her subjects, and they came to her aid as one man. This fact, great, strong, undeniable, is of priceless value. The quiet and unostentatious manifestation of the spirit of loyalty and patriotism, the abundant proof that England does rest true to herself, is almost worth, nay more than worth, the gallant lives which have been spent already and the others which, it is to be feared, must still be spent. The British metal still rings true; and the whole world knows it.

All this winter through we shall feel the side currents of this war in our daily life, even when our minds are not fixed upon its serious issue. For one thing, of course, we shall have to pay for it in indirect ways as well as in the manner prescribed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Bread is already dearer, and a part of the increased price of it will, it is hoped, go to British agriculture, which wants help badly enough. The piping times of the Russian War, to which farmers used to look back, are hardly likely to return. For that matter, we have no sort of desire to see wheat at £5 12s. a quarter again. But wheat prices have gone up, and will go up a little more, and that is not matter for regret. Farmers have been hard pushed this many a year, and loss to the rest of the community from paying a little more for its bread would be more than compensated for by the national advantage which would be gained from the giving a little fillip to the agricultural interest. A point to be noted, however, is that the baker must not be permitted to succeed in his policy, very conspicuous in the West End of London at the present time, of monopolising the lion's share of the profit. If the farmer gets the advantage—and a good many farmers have held back their stock—nobody will complain. Many of our friends have gone, with their lives in their hands. Many more of us must stay behind; we must do what little we can, and we must look with satisfaction to the reasons why wheat will certainly rise in price. Ships are in great demand for carrying men. Therefore the ships which carry grain will be and are able to demand heavier freights. So the foreign corn is sold at higher rates, and the bumper harvest of this year in England—how splendid it was to be sure—will become enhanced in value. At the covert-side, too, there will be a difference. Hunt servants will not be mounted quite as they were, for there has been a call for the subsidised hunters. And when the leaf is off in late November, and the time has come for taking toll of the pheasants, many a familiar face will be absent. All the big shoots will come off, of course, for the pheasants are there and they must be killed; but there will not be quite so much heart in the big shoots, and a number of the little ones will go by the board. If the Squire has a son or two, or even three, away in South Africa, you can hardly expect him



to go through his annual shooting week in high spirits. Is it to be said that these are little things and not worth mentioning? As a matter of fact they are the little things which make all the difference in life. For the next few weeks, it may be until the end of January, we who are left behind—which is really the harder and more trying position—have got to live our lives here, to go on much the same as if nothing out of the way were happening—but our hearts and minds will be fixed on South Africa. They will be so fixed confidently of course, for the response of England to the call of patriotism has been beyond mistake, but the confidence will not be without its tinge of personal anxiety. The ultimate solution of the problem is certain, but the process is not entirely pleasant to contemplate. But, again we say, the nation may deem the trial to have been worth enduring, since it has shown itself worthy. It has been weighed in the balance. It has not been found wanting.



THE one thing necessary is not to be cast down overmuch by the reverse which was reported on Tuesday. Two battalions, or what was left of them, were captured; but that is not the end of the whole matter, and it is a curious coincidence that the representatives of one of them, the Gloucester Regiment, have been captured twice before. All this does not affect the ultimate issue in the smallest degree. That is foredoomed. And in the meanwhile, the survivors are living, and likely so to remain. The Boers are fighting well, but they are also on their good behaviour for two reasons. Firstly, we have some prisoners of theirs; secondly, there is a future; and that is a fact which they are beginning to appreciate.

In the midst of our anxiety concerning the progress of the war—for anxiety in the present is quite compatible with confidence as to the ultimate issue—it is distinctly comforting to reflect upon some of the indirect results of it. One of them is certainly a demonstration that the tie between the United States and Great Britain grows closer every day, a proof positive that blood is thicker than water. It is forthcoming in all sorts of shapes. Firstly, we have seen a semi-official declaration of neutrality based upon the very sound argument that the sympathy claimed by the Transvaal Republic, as a republic, would be more likely to be forthcoming if the said Republic had any republican spirit. Secondly, we have the really splendid subscriptions which have come in for the fund raised by those illustrious American ladies, the Duchess of Marlborough and Lady Randolph Churchill, for the wounded in the Transvaal. The great American families have “planked down” the dollars with a promptitude and in a profusion which is truly admirable. It has been said more than once that it is far easier to touch a man's heart than to reach his pocket; and it is certain that where the pocket is reached the heart has been deeply stirred.

Here are a few among the subscriptions, and they are noble. Mrs. Ronalds, 7, Cadogan Place, who is acting as honorary treasurer, has received the following subscriptions: Mr. Frank Gardiner, £1,000; Mr. John Hays Hammond, £1,000; Mr. William K. Vanderbilt, £500; Mr. P. E. Singer, £500; Mr. J. S. Curtis, £500; Mr. August Belmont (New York), £200; Mr. August N. Meyer, £200; Mrs. Forbes Leith, £100; Mrs. Bradley Martin, £100; Mrs. Burns, £100; Mr. James MacDonald, £100; Mr. Reginald Ward, £100; Mr. H. S. Welcome, £52 10s.; Mrs. Helena Carlisle, £52 10s.; Mr. G. Natorp, £50; Mr. C. B. Flynn, £50; Mr. Eugene Koop, £25; Mrs. Emma C. Watson, £20; Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain, £20.

Thirty thousand people left Johannesburg in three months, and a pro-Boer contemporary publishes part of a letter from the manager of the gasworks there to enable us to understand what the exodus means. “Many a fortune could have been made here if folks had only had the necessary cash to buy up furniture and store it away, and sell it again after the trouble is over.

People have been selling their furniture, a house-full, just for a £5 note.” This is really quite sublime in its simplicity. Cash, we suspect, was never wanting in Johannesburg. If there had been those who were willing to make fortunes out of the necessities of their neighbours in the peculiarly mean way which is here suggested, the necessary money would not have been wanting. But what would have been absurd would have been confidence that the said stores would be respected. There is a pretty process which is called commandeering, and in view of it the investments of £5 notes referred to were so speculative that they can hardly be called mean. Perhaps they were charitable.

Colonel Baden-Powell must have fixed his vocation early. When he left Charterhouse, being a member of a clever family connected with Balliol, he was duly told to enter for matriculation there, a proceeding to which he offered some demur. A Charterhouse friend, also up for the same purpose, encountered him looking cheerily in at a print-shop window after his interview with the late Dr. Jowett, and enquired what luck. Baden-Powell said that they had had the bad taste to say he was not yet up to Balliol form, which his interlocutor thought was strange if true. He went on to say, absently, that not to lose time he had just entered for a cavalry examination, as he wasn't good enough for Balliol. He came out top, or very near it. He said he could not account for that failure at Balliol.

The bus horses commandeered under the registration agreement have turned out first-class artillery cattle. The gunners were “up in arms,” almost in the literal sense, at the idea of having their batteries horsed with animals “which would only start to a bell.” Now they are rubbing their hands over the splendid qualities of their new teams. They say that they needed almost no teaching. The London streets are the finest school in the world for draught work of any kind. There is nothing which can frighten animals used to all sights, from a dancing bear to a steam-roller, and inured to all kinds of noises, from fog-signals to Salvation Army bands. They are so absolutely obedient to the bit that the narrowest “shaving” over rough ground is safe with them. The only question is whether on the stony slopes of the foot-hills they will be able to keep their footing, after being used to wood pavement and macadam. Judging by the state of much of the wood pavement we should say they would.

Not only remounts, but horses of all kinds which are matured and in working condition, are in great request. It was found by the Commission on Remounts, presided over by Lord Rosebery, in 1874, that while in ordinary years 1,800 horses supply the Army waste in time of peace, the moment war breaks out we want *eighteen thousand*. Only half of these are needed as saddle horses. The rest go for transport, and accessory work other than that of mounting cavalry, mounted infantry, or despatch riders. To get a surplus of the class needed, the Hunters' Improvement Society and the Royal Agricultural Society encouraged the breeding of hunters by giving premiums for thorough-bred stallions. The idea was that while all the horses bred fit for hunters would sell well, there would be the usual number of “misfits,” which, though not suited for hunters, and hardly big enough for light cart horses, would make first-class cavalry horses—which they did.

General Raven Hill then hit on the brilliant idea of registering all horses fit for service at a fee of 10s. per annum. “Fit for service” meant not only the right size, but horses in work, and eating hard food, such as they would have to consume when campaigning. Hence the cheerful raids which the Remount Department has made on the establishments of hunts, omnibus companies, and tram lines.

Is the war likely to be of any service to the agricultural interest? From the extent to which farmers are holding back their supplies of wheat it would appear that they answer the question in the affirmative. As times go it has reached a fair price, that is, it fluctuates above the 30s. a quarter limit. But for political disturbance it would probably have fallen very low indeed after so very bountiful a harvest, and in view of the fact that all over Europe the autumn sowing has been accomplished in favourable circumstances. Yet little business is being done, because sellers hope to see prices go up.

The Earl of Pembroke's appeal against the Assessment Committee of the Wilton Union, which was heard recently by Sir Godfrey Lushington and other magistrates of the County of Wilts, is full of interest to land-owners, and for that matter to the country generally. The subject matter of the appeal was Wilton House, and counsel for the respondent committee enlarged upon its beauty and its associations. The house was built by Holbein, added to by Inigo Jones, still further added to by Wyatt. It has sculptured cloisters, an Italian garden, lawns requiring the services of forty men, a walled deer park three miles long, a

private chapel, two miles of trout fishing, and 238 acres of woodland. In 1847, when the poor-rate was 6s. in the pound, the valuation was £300; in the interval the poor-rate had gone down to 3s., and the valuation up to £1,707 gross. Respondents' counsel clearly thought that Lord Pembroke had nothing to complain of; but the magistrates thought otherwise, for they reduced the assessment to £1,590 less 15 per cent. It is a very thorny subject, that of the rating of country houses; but we venture to hold that the magistrates acted in consonance with natural justice. Houses by Holbein and Inigo Jones, Italian gardens, huge lawns, and the like, are precious and to be encouraged, but they do not bring in much grist to the mill, and they provide a good deal of employment for the rural population.

Meanwhile, the expert valuers were nearer to agreement as to the proper figure than is usual, with one signal exception. Mr. Squarey, of Salisbury, valued at £888. On the other hand, Mr. H. J. Castle, Mr. William R. Nicholas, Mr. Edward Waters, of Salisbury, and Mr. James Green varied between £2,500 and £2,168. Strict principles, which these gentlemen are eminently capable of applying, therefore seem to have told against Lord Pembroke; but, on the whole, we are not sorry that he succeeded in his appeal.

The saddest and most heroic story of the sea which has been heard for many a long day comes from the old man Taylor, who has at last recovered consciousness. He was the master of the Gourdon fishing-boat Firelight, and his four strong sons were the crew. A heavy sea swamped her, and three of the lads were dragged down with her. One son, Alexander, and the father alone got clear, and the father supported himself on an oar. Alexander swam to him, but the oar would not keep them both up, and the son gave up his life for the father. He cast himself adrift, saying simply, "Weel, faither, I maun just awa," and was no more seen. "Greater love hath no man than this"—the quotation is not original, but it is as full of eternal truth as it is obvious; and another forces itself on the memory—"Wives and mithers maist despairin', ca' them lives o' men."

The difficulty of "saying a few words," as the phrase goes, for a prisoner who has committed a serious offence cleverly and deliberately is well known to barristers, but it does not seem to have suggested itself to Mr. Skewes-Cox, M.P. The facts of the case of George Bubear, ex-champion sculler and river-side publican, were sad but plain. He was found guilty of conspiring to defraud bookmakers with one Edward Barker, a telegraph clerk. The method was simple. Bubear waited till a race was over, and then sent telegrams backing the winner through Barker, and Barker entered the time at which they were handed in at a moment prior to that at which the race was run. Then Bubear claimed the money. But they played the game once too often, and they were found out.

There was practically no defence, save that evidence was called as to character, and that of Mr. Skewes-Cox, M.P., was decidedly peculiar. He deposed that Bubear was a man who bore a high character, a man of considerable means, and a simple-minded person. The answer, of course, was that if he had considerable means, there was the less necessity for his swindling the bookmakers; that he chose a very peculiar method of showing his simplicity of character; and that if he did bear a high character he certainly did not deserve it. From the serious point of view we entirely sympathise with the Recorder, who protested that the Member of Parliament had abused his position, had run straight in the teeth of the laws of evidence, and had tried to overbear the jury. But we have a kind of sympathy with Mr. Skewes-Cox, M.P., too, based upon a remembrance of a country assize. A postmaster who had been stealing stamps regularly and in small quantities for eighteen months, once appeared in the dock before Mr. Justice Field, as he then was. Counsel for the defence urged that the man had yielded to a sudden temptation. "Stay, stay!" said Mr. Justice Field, using a phrase that was always on his lips, "I am going to yield to a sudden temptation, which is a temptation to send the prisoner to penal servitude." And he did. It is really not at all easy to think of the right thing to say in a case of that sort.

Many persons have no doubt watched, with such interest as they can spare for anything else except the reports from the war, the correspondence concerning the poisoning of cattle and birds by eating leaves or twigs of the yew, which has been appearing in the *Times*. If there was any fact which had been well established by observers from the days of Gilbert White even to our own, we should have said that it was that horses and cattle which have eaten of the yew do sometimes, but not always, die. Certainly the present correspondence places that fact beyond dispute. But there remain a good many little points. Firstly, the rustic theory that the yew is fatal only when the morsels eaten have been stripped from the tree previously is not entirely disposed of. Save by careful experiment it probably

never can be. That the yew in that state is most fatal, either because it is less unpalatable and animals therefore eat more of it, or for some other reason, is quite clear, and where a yew stands within reach of an animal, and the animal dies from yew poisoning, it can never be possible to be quite sure whether a fallen spray, or one eaten fresh from the tree, caused the death.

Another peculiarity is that some animals sometimes eat yew and die; while others at other times eat it and survive. It has been suggested that all depends on the fullness or emptiness of the animal's stomach at the moment of eating; and there may be substance in the suggestion. But there may also be something to be said for a theory, which we have not seen broached, that animals living among yew trees become immune against the poison by taking unconsciously graduated doses. In like manner a dose of arsenic which would kill two or three Englishmen is said, in a novel it is true, to be a necessary tonic to a Styrian peasant.

The winter stock of over-sea wildfowl is now on our coasts, and some idea can be formed of their numbers. There is no doubt that while, owing to wild birds protection here, the home-bred duck and such shore fowl as redshanks and curlew are increasing, the great body of the fowl which are bred on the Arctic Tundra and in Lapland are sadly fewer. This is due, firstly, to the increase of firearms among the Lapps, Samoyeds, and other Northern people, and, secondly, to the absence of proper laws for protecting the eggs in the two really civilised countries, Norway and Sweden, of which their breeding grounds are the hinterland. Brent geese show the greatest decrease; next to these widgeon. Golden plover are as numerous as ever, but they come from the North of Asia. Knot, whimbrel, and grey geese of all sorts are diminishing.

We see a certain amount of correspondence in the *Field* about shooting partridges over dogs, and there is no doubt that this older manner is coming back into a measure of favour. There are countries where it is not possible to drive the birds, and again countries where it is not possible to bring them to the gun except by driving. But between these extremes lies a deal of debatable ground, upon which it is equally possible to drive and to shoot over dogs, and it is here that the question of preference comes in. There is not the least doubt that most people find a great charm in seeing the dogs work, though there are some to whom it does not appeal at all; and, again, the notion of the driving shot, that the bird getting up before the guns is always an easy shot, is a theory that will only be held by the inexperienced. A man used to shooting over dogs will shoot birds thus getting up far better than a driving shot will shoot them, and, *vice versa*, a shooter not accustomed to driving may miss bird after bird that is driven, though he would give good enough account of himself at rising birds. Each kind of shooting presents its peculiar difficulties and interests. But when we come to look at the matter from the point of view of the birds, and the advantage of the stock, it is no longer a question of preference, or a question, indeed, at all. It is as certain as anything, humanly speaking, can be, that driving is a far better way of killing the birds for the good of their kind. It has been proved again and again by experience. The introduction of driving has improved the stock immediately. The old birds, leading the way, come first and are shot. With the rising birds the reverse is the case, the later rising and the tamer, that is the younger, are killed. The question resolves itself therefore into a choice between the improvement of the partridge stock and the pleasure of seeing dogs work, which question let each man resolve according to his personal fancy.

The entries for our Photographic Competition have been so numerous, and, in the great majority of cases, so excellent in point of quality, that we are obliged to postpone the declaration of the result until next week.

## Our Portrait Illustration.

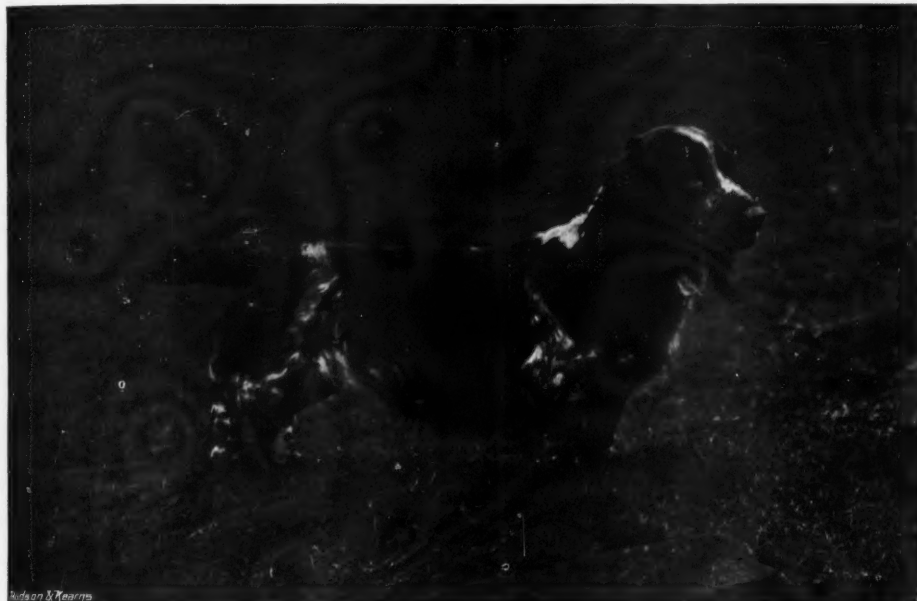
A PICTURE of Lady Sarah Wilson is particularly appropriate at this moment, for she is not only a lady of the highest rank, but is also engaged in great and good work in South Africa. Socially she is the wife of Mr. Gordon Chesney Wilson, of the Royal Horse Guards, the youngest daughter of the seventh Duke of Marlborough, the sister of the late Duke, of the late Lord Randolph Churchill, of Lady Wimborne, Lady de Ramsey, Lady Tweedmouth, the Duchess of Roxburghe, and Lady Curzon. As a good woman she has gone out to South Africa in connection with the Red Cross Society; and as an enterprising lady she is one of the war correspondents of the *Daily Mail*. In one or other capacity she has been hunted, and perhaps captured, by the Boers, having originally been an inmate of beleaguered Mafeking.





THE training that may teach a retriever to retrieve may equally teach the same art to a spaniel; and similarly the lessons that will teach a spaniel to range may be equally serviceable with a retriever pup, if you require him to do any ranging—any finding of game. But before going on to that second department of the training of retrievers and spaniels, we may say a word about the teaching of spaniels, and retrievers too, to “fetch” from water.

General Hutchinson is, as ever, most judicious in his counsel



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

COLESHILL SPAN.

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to let your retriever or your retrieving spaniel do its work by itself, without expecting any help from you in the way of running after a wounded bird. The dog may, and should, look to you from time to time for directions, if you have any to give, as to the quarter in which he is to hunt for the dead or wounded bird; but to this your assistance should be limited. Yours may be the mind to direct, but his should be the muscles to perform. But in retrieving from water, and teaching a dog to have no fear of this strange element, it may often be useful to give him a lead in. The worst thing you can do by way of encouraging a timid dog to face the water is the method that is sometimes employed of throwing him in. The violence, the sudden shock, the splash, the helpless feeling of being without the support of firm land—all these are such obvious aggravations of the nervous fears of a sensitive dog that it is amazing they should not be apparent to every capacity. But they are not. To accustom a dog to the water, General Hutchinson advises throwing pieces of biscuit, at first only on the very edge of the water, where it is an inch or two deep, gradually increasing the distance from shore until your pup is practically fearless. When you have brought him to that degree of confidence, you have virtually made him as ready to retrieve by water as by land, for his keenness to bring game to you will not be affected by the accident that it has fallen in the unstable element. But if

the dog be of so nervous a disposition that the attraction of the morsels of biscuit does not suffice to overcome his fear, then you may help him not a little in gaining confidence by going yourself into the water and showing him that his fear of it has no reason. The example of another dog that takes pleasure in water will be of great assistance in teaching him this lesson, especially if the trained water dog be a friend of his. A master's example may do much for a dog, but the example of a fellow-canine counts for more.

The general rules that apply to the breaking of setters and pointers apply, as far as the ranging goes, in great measure to spaniels; but, of course, you do not require spaniels to “set” or “point” game. You want them to “spring” it for you—to make it rise and give a shot to the gun. And the great difficulty about teaching them the ranging is that so much of their actual work has to be done in thick covert, where for a deal of the time they do not see you, nor you them. But the early lessons may, of course, be given under your eye, and the more perfect they can be made in the open the less likely are they to commit grave error in covert. More than this it is not possible to say. The very fact that they are not intended to point or set the game, but

at once to spring it, makes it the more necessary that their range should not be a far one. The wildest ranging pointer or setter, if steadfast on his point, will give you time to come up with him after he has found the game, but with the spaniel you need to be within gun-shot at the moment that he finds game, for there is often no pause to speak of between his finding and springing it. It is true that a very cunning old spaniel will often work up to his game slowly, as if with the very purpose of letting the gun come within range, but it is not to be expected that you will find an old head like this on the shoulders of your young pup. You must teach him to range close ahead of you, so that you may be ready to shoot any game that he chances on. A little fellow like this COLESHILL SPAN ought to keep working away so close in front that any game at all wild will be sprung rather by the alarm of your approach than by his efforts. It is for the crouching, low-lying game that he is useful. The great adjunct to teaching the spaniels a close range is that most invaluable help the check-cord. As soon as the young dog shows

an inclination to run beyond due limits, jerk him back, not sufficiently strongly to terrify him, but enough to show him that you mean him to understand he is a sinner.

General Hutchinson, while avowing that it is the highest pitch of training to make spaniels “down charge” to the shot rather than come in to heel, remarks that the latter method has not the objection that applies to it with pointers and setters, for the reason that with their close range spaniels are so much less likely, when thus coming in, to disturb game. But this remark applies to the relatively slow methods of the muzzle-loader.



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

BEFORE THE SHOT.

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## AFTER THE SHOT.

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With breech-loaders, and especially when using two guns (though this is not so usual in the kind of work for which spaniels are used as with pointers and setters in the fields or moors), one does not want to wait while dogs are gathering in to heel. A momentary down charge, or even a pause, is sufficient, and one now scarcely expects a spaniel team to await the signal to go forward again before starting to hunt. Indeed, in very many instances the dogs cannot see the shooters, nor the shooters them, so that there is not the opportunity of exchanging signals. And the truth of the whole matter is that in these days of beating coverts forward, to guns posted in front, the use of spaniels in teams is rather exceptional. The spaniel is rather the companion of the single gunner, going out with the keeper, or perhaps a friend, hunting the "outsides," the combs, the wild places. A day's rabbiting with a ferret or two in a bag, or odd days at the season's end, after cock pheasants or woodcock—these are the days and this the style of business for which the spaniel and equally the hunting retriever are in their proper places. And for this style of shooting it will surely suffice if the dogs are broken to the point that we see illustrated in the

A most useful addition to his general hunting powers is the acquirement of a good manner of working a hedge. In many of the counties in which spaniels can be used to the greatest advantage the hedges are thick, affording good covert both to rabbits and occasional pheasants. A dog that merely goes along by the side of a Devonshire "bank," say—one of those wasteful arrangements of earthwork crowned and fenced by *chevaux de frise* brambles and all kinds of wild growth—misses many and many a rabbit and pheasant close lying in the thicket. But along the tops of these banks there are very sure to be runs where the rabbits have worked, and along these a good hedge-dog will work his way, too, and from this position is not likely to overlook or oversmell any creature that the hedge contains. Encourage your young dog to work a hedge in this way, by putting him into or on it—encouraging him up again when he leaves it, showing by your manner of speaking to him that you are pleased when he continues to work along, and vexed when he comes out without your order. It is not spaniels alone that are useful for this business. Such a fellow as this little HEATHER ROYAL will hunt the fence as well as any spaniel of them all, and may be broken to any pitch of perfection, even to the unnatural tenderness of mouth, which you have a right to expect from your retriever, but hardly look for in a terrier, whose parents for generations have loved to feel their teeth crunching a fierce old rat. Terriers have even been known to point game steadily. A poodle of the writer's acquaintance does excellent work retrieving to a grouse butt. There is scarcely a dog that may not be broken to any reasonable work you please. Unfortunately breakers are not in all cases as reasonable as the dogs.



C. Reid.

## HEATHER ROYAL.

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accompanying pictures. They are all alert, both spaniels and retrievers, BEFORE THE SHOT, and evince only a slightly greater excitement the moment AFTER THE SHOT is fired, when they all are looking to see its result. But not one of the four shows the smallest inclination to dash in and pursue the rabbit or retrieve it until ordered to do so. This is good breaking, and for modern purposes we cannot but think it is sufficient. But both for modern and ancient purposes alike it is essential that the range of your spaniel should be restricted. His flushing game out of shot is not only useless, but worse. The use of the check-cord, until he is well broken to range close to you, is the prime secret in spaniel breaking.

## Some Northern Studs: Tickhill.

A QUAIN, old-fashioned town is Bawtry, in Yorkshire, and a pleasant experience is the drive, through four miles of picturesque scenery, which will land you in the prettily sheltered village of Tickhill. Under the shadow of Tickhill Castle, the flag-staff of which can be seen for miles round, rising above the surrounding woods, lies the stud farm which has been in existence for nearly fifty years, during which time it has sent out far more than its due proportion of winners, from the days of Catton, up to those of Prism, who died there only last year, full of years and honour. It is only in accordance with the fitness of things that the head of the house of Lumley should take a keen interest in the stud which those before him carried on with such marked success, and there are some very choice mares among the lot which you shall shortly see in the Tickhill paddocks.

But first you must be introduced to the energetic and enthusiastic Goode, who has had charge of this stud for thirty years, and who will tell you many interesting stories of the great horses who have been located there during his reign. Having been shown the tail of Rataplan, who held court there in the early days of Goode's accession to office, and the silver inkstand presented to the latter by Lord Scarborough in 1894 to commemorate his silver jubilee with the stud, which bears the distinguished names of Rataplan, Strathconan, Silvester, Discord, and Prism, you shall be taken round the paddocks—the soil is limestone, be it noted, in this favoured corner of Yorkshire—to have a look at the dams of some of those good-looking yearlings which you saw in the sale-ring at Doncaster in September last.



A very nice mare is Rosalinda, bred by Lord Scarborough in 1889, by Discord, her dam Roscolin, by Rosicrucian from Lady Flora, by Stockwell; and still better, probably, you will like the roomy, short-legged Housemaid, by Beauclerc, and straining back to Maid of Perth, by Blair Athol. Vobiscum is by Sweetbread, her dam by Thunderbolt out of Concordia, by Newminster, and she is the dam of Rontgen Ray; and a beautiful mare is the brown Strathbroek, by Strathern, her dam Poinsettia, by Young Melbourne from Lady Hawthorn, by Windhound, and the dam of that good horse Clwyd.

Sonnet, by Albert Victor, her dam Sonata, by Costa, was foaled in 1884, but is still fresh and well; Deluge is a hard-bred, good-looking sort, foaled in 1889, by Hagioscope out of Downpour, by Strathconan; Wild Mint, by Camballo out of Mint Drop, by Lozenge, is the dam of Whiston; and Miss Jumbo, by Mask, her dam Miss Jummy, by Petrarch out of Lady Portland, by The Primate, comes of a good racing family. Antona is a deep-bodied, wide-quartered sort, by Sir Bevy's, her dam by Chevron—very speedy blood this; and a charming mare is Geranium, by the stout Glendale out of Fuchsia, by St. Albans, and therefore full of Birdcatcher blood. Six very high-class matrons are these, and I remember them as the dams of six remarkably good-looking yearling fillies that I saw during my visit to Tickhill in September last. I have not sufficient space at my disposal here to deal with the foals which were following the mares I have just mentioned when I saw them last, and it will be of more interest to my readers if I do so, as I shall, when they are yearlings, and are going up to Doncaster; but before leaving the subject I may say that I know of no stud conducted on more natural, and therefore healthier, principles, or where all the animals, mares, yearlings, foals, and stallions, are better cared for, or treated in a more common-sense manner.

And mention of stallions reminds me of that really beautiful and well-bred horse, Gone Coon, by Galopin, out of Hors de Combat, by Hampton, who was a good and consistent race-horse in his day, and went on winning races up to four years old. He is now as sound as a bell, and the most beautiful-tempered horse in the world. In fact, he is more like a well-trained dog than a stallion, and it is very amusing to see him go through his tricks for his friend Goode. Bred as he is, and being the horse he is, he ought surely to sire something very good indeed some day. A glance at the bloodlike Clwyd, by Beauclerc out of Strathbroek, will show you a horse taking much after his sire in looks, and absolutely certain to sire race-horses; and before leaving Tickhill I think you will admit having spent a thoroughly interesting and enjoyable afternoon, and one which you will hope soon to repeat.

## O'ER FIELD AND FURROW.

IT would be possible to write a very instructive article on the relation of hunting as "the image of war" to the reality. This at least we may say—that it is evident that it is no fondness for our favourite sport which colours our judgment when we speak of the number and the gallantry of the officers in Africa well known in the hunting and polo fields. Lord Charles Bentinck, wounded at Mafeking, Mr. Ferdinand Stanley, and Lord Robert Manners, now on their way to the Cape, are all well known with the Quorn or Belvoir Hunts; so is the younger Captain Pechell, who was a frequent visitor to Belvoir and used to thrust along on Mr. Bellamy's good chestnut horse. How many friends and comrades of Indian pig-sticking or polo days, or of English covert-side meetings, are in South Africa, and how sure we are that they will justify our pride when we remember how they rode at home. It has always been the same, and I remember riding home to Malmesbury with poor Roddy Owen after almost the last hunt we had. He had been at the top of the hunt all day over a stiff country. But if once a hunting man comes to

recollections he requires a gag, and our business is now with the present and not the past. Nay, it is more of a duty than ever to record the sport one may have, for nothing will be more eagerly looked for and read than the story of the sport with the well-known packs by those who are engaged in the campaign. No one who has not been in camp knows how much pleasure the newspapers we skim so lightly at home can give and how eagerly they are read.

Although in riding home at the end of last week there was a very pleasant squelch under the horses' feet, and a fall of rain which letters tell me was pretty general, the early part of the week was marred by the drought, which made riding with any comfort impossible. The Bicester had actually given up hunting on account of the state of the ground, and it is a well-known Oxford tradition that their Thursday country rides best in dry weather. The Meynell and several other packs have been stopped by fog once or twice. The Queen's hounds were also stopped for want of rain for some days last week.

On Friday the Belvoir were at Folkingham, a quiet but very charming old-world Lincolnshire town. It stands on the slope of what I think in Lincolnshire may be called a hill, with a fine church, the market-place, and the main street sloping away from it; all round the town are big fields of grass and plough, divided by stout fences which can be jumped nearly everywhere. It was a district of which Frank Gillard was very fond when he was at Belvoir, and where the great huntsman still has many warm friends and admirers. Times change, and men change with them, but a Belvoir meet at Folkingham must always be a local festival. Nowhere in England, perhaps, so far as an outsider can tell, is fox-hunting on better terms with agriculture. Of the hounds that trotted up the street at Ben Capell's heels we need say nothing. Every hunting man knows that the pack never was better. But a word must be said of Sir Gilbert Greenall's horses. Always excepting Mr. Fernie's, the Belvoir Hunt servants are perhaps the best mounted in England.

The day was wet, the rain coming down in sheets, but I venture to think that no one minded, for the plentiful fall gave promise of sport. The morning was, of course, given to stirring the cubs, who belong, however, to a very stout race about here. When in the afternoon we trotted away to Newton Coverts, which, I believe, have already been disturbed, we expected sport, and we got it. Hounds never, indeed, ran very fast, but they hunted with the patience of beagles, a patience which is always something of a surprise when we remember the fire and dash of high-bred foxhounds. There was just the scent that shows hounds at their best, not catchy and not brilliant, but scent enough to enable them to hunt steadily along.

There are moments when I think that the most enjoyable hunting days are those which are snatched from London in the midst of business. Something of the peculiar joy of playing truant is ours when we take our places in the early train and eagerly scan the passing landscape to read the signs of sport from the look of things in the country. To see the Rothschild entry was partly the object of my excursion last week to Luton and Dunstable. What forest hunting is to the Queen's the hills are to Lord Rothschild's, and there the untired deer and the young hounds are taught each their duty. A hiring, but an excellent one, went down in the train with me, and the rain that had somewhat mitigated the hardness of the ground promised to make riding pleasanter and somewhat safer than it has been. Would it improve the scent? was another question. It is by no means certain that rain after a long drought will at once give a holding scent; very often it does not do so. Nevertheless, we could always hunt, and in the present state of fences and country no one wishes staghounds to go too fast. By the time that the horses and riders were clear of the station at Dunstable and well on their way the deer had already been uncaptured, and Boore was preparing to go to the scene of action with the pack. The hounds were laid on in Bedfordshire, and soon crossed into Buckinghamshire, and finished in Hertfordshire, the boundaries of the three zigzagging about in a curious manner in



THROUGH THE WOOD.

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Photo.

"GET AWAY ON!"

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this district. It was just the day to see young hounds at work. So hard did they drive at first that before any great distance had been covered stag and hounds were together in a small covert. Everyone who has had any experience of stag-hunting knows that you must not bustle your deer too much at first. If once he gets puzzled or frightened, he will not run. So hounds were stopped. As soon as the deer had its second wind, it went off to Ashridge, passing the well-known monument on the left. After that point came a sharpish spin, and then some capital hunting over very varied ground—rough common, the wired purlicues of a gentleman's place, and again across some fine rolling country. Whyte-Melville, in his "Riding Recollections," lays down that it is only common politeness to see the stag taken, and I generally do so; but on this occasion there seemed no chance of this happening soon, and there was the chance of a guide to Dunstable, so I left them, and am ashamed to

say I do not even now know whether they took their stag, but I expect they did. How quickly the next hunting day drives the events of the one before out of one's mind, save in the case of quite historic runs! "Who-whoop! the fox is killed. Capital run, wasn't it? Where do they meet to-morrow?" And so on till the season draws to an end. From the Cottesmore and Mr. Fernie's countries comes the news that cub-hunting without scent has been the order of the day. Too dry to hunt, too hard to ride, too foggy to see, sums up the history of the cream of Leicestershire before the rain, and afterwards I know nothing. The following story is too good to be lost. A certain foreign nobleman, who rents some coverts from which the foxes, not knowing the country very well, declined to budge, rode up at the end of the day to the Master: "Ah, milord! I am ver sorry, but my voxes zay are not bolting to-day." X.

## ROSES—PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.

By DEAN HOLE.

FOR many years after the institution of rose shows (it was my privilege to suggest and to organise the first of them, in the year 1858) the zealous rosarian restricted his attentions almost exclusively to those varieties which won the prizes as being the largest and most compact. Irregularity of outline, confusion or paucity of petals, seemed to shock his sense of propriety and to bring him positive pain. He regarded them with mingled feelings of disgust and pity, as though they had been

Barnum's "freaks." Nevertheless, the love of that which is really beautiful, in whatever form or degree it comes, has always a growth in grace; it educates the understanding, refines the taste, opens the eyes, and enlarges the heart until there is room in it for every flower, whether it be the magnificent specimen, in its zinc tube, embedded in moss, at the show, or Little Dot in the border, or the wild rose in the hedge. The proofs of this expansion are manifest, not only in the comprehensive collections

of the true rosarian who has the power to add to their numbers, but in the special prizes offered by the National Society for "garden roses," which had been so long ignored. There is, indeed, a more general interest in these less-pretentious flowers, which will grow in any garden, and do not require a large outlay or an elaborate preparation, as with roses intended for show; but I pity the spectator who does not admire them all. One star differeth from another star in glory, but all are glorious; and just as

"The floor of Heaven  
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold,"  
so here below in our English gardens we have our splendid display of roses, infinite in their variety of colour, fragrance, and form.

It is not within the compass or intention of this article to give complete lists or elaborate descriptions, but a few brief annotations with reference to the *élite* may be acceptable to those who have not the writer's experience. Never had poet such a vision of beauty, such a "Dream of Fair Women," as this presence of ladies in Queen



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THE FERN GARDEN AT CAUNTON.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Rosa's Court. Never were such complexions seen at a Drawing-Room as these, which no art can copy on the canvas or on the cheek. Never were diamonds so brilliant as these dewdrops, glittering in the sun. All the bloom, all the foliage, is their own.

When I was asked to name the twelve roses which during my cult of half a century have evoked on their first appearance in our gardens the greatest delight and admiration, I selected—

General Jacqueminot	raised by	Roussel	in	1853.
Gloire de Dijon	"	Jacotot	"	1853.
Charles Lef. bvre	"	Lacharme	"	1861.
Marie Baumann	"	Baumann	"	1863.
Maréchal Niel	"	Pradel	"	1864.
La France	"	Guillot	"	1867.
Catherine Mermet	"	Guillot	"	1869.
Comtesse de Nadaillac	"	Guillot	"	1871.
Marie Van Houtte	"	Ducher	"	1871.
Her Majesty	"	Bennett	"	1885.
Mrs. John Laing	"	Bennett	"	1887.
Crimson Rambler	"	Turner	"	1893.

And when curiosity proceeded to enquire "If you might have

green and yellow melancholy, which may be observed in politicians out of office, anxious but unable to get in.

At the same time, we had several of these rambling roses, which were to be admired for their vigorous constitutions as well as for their foliage and flowers, which were of "rampant" growth, mounting our walls almost as rapidly as Jack on his beanstalk, and defying our thunder-storms, fogs, and frosts. These were the Ayrshire and Sempervirens, with their glossy and pretty clusters of buds and flowers; the Noisette, Aimée Vibert, "clad in robes of virgin white"; the fragrant pale yellow Lamarque, beautiful in health, but liable to catch cold and to succumb to a chill if misplaced in exposed situations; and Solfaterre, with its large golden yellow flowers demanding and deserving a congenial site, a fertile soil, and the gardener's generous care. The Boursault roses, Amadis dark crimson, and Gracilis bright rose, were robust in growth and effective (at a distance), although the flowers were of brief duration; but the most successful of all, though the success was only known to the few who stole from Pomona the mural space which is usually



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MY LADY'S GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

only four, which would you choose?" I replied, "Regarding quantity as well as quality, I should prefer Gloire de Dijon, La France, Mrs. Laing, and Marie Van Houtte." But when my insatiate examiner requested me to imagine myself in the awful position of a man permitted only to possess one rose, and to name my choice, I could only tell him that reason would fail under such an ordeal, and that burying my head in a bush of La France, I should

"Die of a rose in aromatic pain."

*Video meliora pro'ogue*; it will be more agreeable to retain those which I possess, and to extend rather than diminish my commendations. Beginning accordingly with those roses which are most conspicuous in our gardens, covering our walls, arbours, pergolas, pillars, and fences, my memory takes me to a time when our examples were a prosperous but limited company. The most charming of all the climbing roses, Chromatella or Cloth of Gold, was in existence, but only flourished in a few favoured spots. The Banksian, white and yellow, were abundant on sunny walls, and pleased those who had not seen them in more congenial climes with their scanty efflorescence. Fortune's Yellow, so abundant and attractive under glass, eked out a precarious existence *al fresco*. It assumed the appearance of

regarded as her right, were certain varieties of the Hybrid Bourbon and Hybrid China section. They are summer roses, and make no claim, like the roses of Pæstum, to an autumnal bloom (there are many Hybrid Perpetuals who promise but do not produce it, as the cricketer who makes a century in his first innings and a duck's egg in his second), but that bloom is of long duration and of transcendent beauty. What can be more lovely than a tree of Blairii 2, 10ft. in height and 20ft. in breadth, with its infinite abundance of blush roses, so full and yet so perfect in form. Charles Lawson and Paul Ricaut of the same family are also magnificent on a wall, and I shall never forget a grand specimen of Paul Perras which I saw many years ago on the rectory at Drayton, near Norwich, the home of a beloved friend.

Here and there upon ancient mansions, where they were screened from the violence of the storm but enjoyed the warmth of the morning and midday sun, tea roses were to be found with their shining foliage, pretty white buds, and faint odour, having no special designation, but commonly known as "Odoratas," and generally supposed to have been brought home from India or China by nautical ancestors who had been famous travellers, or who had fought for their country on the high seas.

Then came, in 1853, *annus mirabilis*, a jubilee year in the

reign of the Queen of Flowers, ever to be remembered for the arrival at her court of a new lady-in-waiting, who was to win all hearts, wherever she went, by her beauty and gracious demeanour. She bore an illustrious title as Gloire de Dijon, and was preceded by grandiloquent descriptions of her charms; but we had become suspicious and sceptical from disappointments previously inflicted upon us by "our lively neighbour the Gaul," by our inability to verify his effusive epithets of *magnifique*, *séduisante*, *parfaite*, *superbe*, and we read with incredulous derision that this new *débutante* combined every excellence of flower, foliage, colour, form, and fragrance, with the most vigorous growth and the most abundant bloom. We were speedily convinced that the portrait of gaudy colours did no justice to the reality. It was, and it is, the first and the last of our outdoor roses to gladden our eyes in May and in December. It has a variety of tints which we find in no other rose, white and red, orange, lemon, and buff. It flourishes anywhere, everywhere, where there is purity of air and depth of soil. It beautifies castle and cottage, through the length and breadth of the land. Gloire de Dijon is a Gloire d'Angleterre.

It adapts itself to a large or to a limited space. It has prospered for forty-four years upon the chancel of Cauntton church, and I have counted more than 300 roses in simultaneous bloom; and I shall never forget a pathetic incident when, returning from a vain search in Brighton Cemetery for the resting-place of one very dear to me, I saw a rose in the middle of the ground, the only one visible, for it was in the beginning of winter, and I drew near it to find Gloire de Dijon planted by the grave of my friend!

The distinguished foreigner was followed, like other successful immigrants, by her relations, notably by her beautiful sisters Madame Bérard and Reine Marie Henriette, with others bearing a strong family likeness; but they paled their ineffectual fire in her presence like glow-worms at break of day.

A decade passed before another record rose appeared among the climbing varieties, and brought to us rosarians the most joyful surprise and excitement within the range of my experience. Long time we had sighed and hoped for a grand yellow rose; we had abandoned Cloth of Gold in despair; the Banksian flowers were too sparse, too small, and too pale; we were thankful admirers of the Austrian briars Harrisonii and Persian Yellow, but they did not satisfy; we envied Mr. Gilbert, at Burghley, his splendid double yellow Provence, which we failed to grow, as our ancestors, who were ever enquiring "how to blow the yellow Provence rose?" had failed—I have twice received in this summer of 1899 excellent blooms of this rose, so that I trust in a more general success; we put the hard, constipated buds of Smith's Yellow into warm water, and tried with all the breath at our disposal to bid them come forth and suffer themselves to be admired; but all our efforts, all our aspirations, were in vain. Suddenly, as to one who dreams that he is imprisoned in a dark dungeon for life, and wakes in sunshine, we had before us our heart's desire, Maréchal Niel, in all his golden glory! It could not achieve the popularity, because it had not the hardihood, of Gloire de Dijon; but it is a priceless jewel in



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## THE VILLAGE STOCKS.

"C.L."

(Preserved in the garden at Cauntton Manor)

Queen Rosa's crown, and it is much harder than many suppose. By far the best specimens I have grown were upon a wall here (Cauntton) with an east aspect, and I have two trees now bearing beautiful blooms which have been for more than twenty years in the same position. They are sometimes severely punished in the winter, but they revive in spring and flower in the summer. Sometimes they perish, but

"'Tis better to have loved and lost  
Than never to have loved at all."

Of course, we shall secure under glass a sure and ample display, but when we have one of those genial Mays of which we read much and see little, we shall find more richness of colour and a larger development of form in the roses which grow upon the wall. Other distinguished climbers, although not members of the Rosa Alpina family, have risen to pre-eminence since the arrival of Maréchal Niel, and claim a place in every large rosarium: Reve d'Or, 1869; Belle Lyonnaise, 1869; Madame Bérard, 1870; Bouquet d'Or, 1871; Cheshunt Hybrid, 1873; Reine Marie Henriette, 1878; William Allan Richardson, 1878; Madame Alfred Carrière, 1879; Reine Olga de Wurtemberg, 1881; L'Idéale, 1887; Turner's Crimson Rambler, 1893; Alister Stella Gray, 1894; Paul's Carmine Pillar, 1895.

All these are excellent. Cheshunt Hybrid loses too soon the beauty of its complexion, but we may not be hypercritical with the few crimson roses which climb, and L'Idéale varies in her behaviour, like the damsel who

"When she was good, she was very good,

But when she was bad, she was 'orrid."

But the rest, like Phyllis, "never fail to please." They are excellent for walls, pergolas, trellises, and pillars, and also, with the climbers previously named, for planting in shrubberies. From the room in which I am writing I can see a dozen Gloire de Dijon roses



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## "ROSES, ROSES ALL THE WAY."

"COUNTRY LIFE."



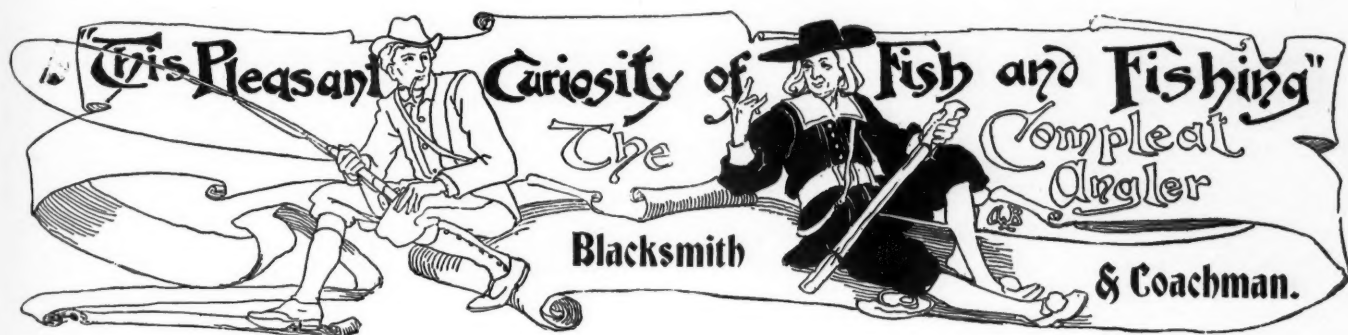
blooming, some roft. from the ground, in a clump of ever-green and flowering shrubs. They seem to salute me with a friendly and familiar nod, smiling their sympathy with one who appreciates, admires, and loves them, and recognising my endeavours to extol their charms in the pages of COUNTRY LIFE. The bright colours of the flowers and the dark foliage of the shrubs make a charming contrast—the most successful formation which I have seen of a "Mutual Improvement Society." The combinations are infinite, and I may cite, as a striking example, a Crimson Rambler making love to a Silver Maple, Acer Negundo Variegatum, the more remarkable, because the Rambler, in accordance with its title, pre'ers to roam abroad in perfect freedom, as a bachelor unattached. The happy vagabond is terribly distressed in gaol.

The American rose Wichuriana and its hybrids are of recent introduction and have yet to be proved, but there is good cause to hope, from their vigorous growth, their glossy foliage, and their clusters of lovely flowers, that they will prove most welcome additions to our creeping and climbing roses.

Lord Penzance's Sweet Briars must not be omitted from the foreground of those borders in which we blend our roses and shrubs.

Success depends, of course, upon obedience to the immutable law of labour, faith which worketh by love. Sentiment in easy-chairs, and books, and pictures, and bouquets do not produce beautiful roses. They require manure and a hoe.

(To be continued.)



JACK HOWARD was sitting in his rooms in London, thoroughly angry with the weather, his work, and things in general, when his landlady brought in a letter addressed in a well-known hand-writing. "Several May-fly have been seen," said the letter; "the water will be thick with them in a day or two. Bring a rod and cricket bag, and take the 6.10 to-morrow. Eustace Loe is coming by the same train, and Peggy shall meet you both with the pony and trap. No excuses. —Yours, Roger Bailie."

In ordinary circumstances Jack Howard would have thought twice before taking so sudden a holiday, but an incidental part of the letter decided him. "It would be quite impossible to leave Peggy," he soliloquised, "to that brute Eustace. She'd watch him fish all day, and land his wretched trout for him. I'll go."

The next evening he met his old acquaintance, Eustace, at Paddington, who, in spite of a first-class ticket, insisted on travelling down third, for the sake of his company.

"Glad you're coming down," said Howard, with a sort of bluff awkwardness hardly likely to deceive. "I heard from Roger yesterday."

"Really? Lady Bailie wrote to me weeks ago fixing this date."

Now Jack Howard, though he had been several times invited, had never heard from his hostess in his life, and he knew the reason why. Lady Bailie was before all things a diplomat, and at present nearly the whole force of her diplomacy was centred on marrying her niece, Peggy, well. It is hardly necessary to state that a good marriage to her mind was a courtesy phrase, carrying no reference to any goodness except that of money. She was therefore devoted for the time to Eustace Loe, and rather afraid of Jack Howard. But fortunately Lady Bailie was very fond of her husband, and often found her arts of diplomacy hardly a match for his straightforward methods.

Cumnor Hall was looking its very best when the three drove up. The chestnuts were in full bloom, the may blossom was already sweet, and the prim tulips in the front beds were as stiff and pleasantly variegated as a gardener's art could make them. The house itself stood on the higher of three plateaux, and from the front windows you looked down between the smooth trunks of two sentinel beech trees to a very green water meadow and the famous trout stream of the Pang.

"This is prettier than Bloomsbury," said Howard to his hostess.

"Cannot you say something better about us than that, Mr. Howard?" was the reply, for Lady Bailie's diplomacy did not contain that first essential, a sense of humour.

"It is not less magnificent than Pall Mall," said Loe, who had a happy knack of making his humour just too deep for his hostess's comprehension, and for that reason was unduly disliked by his host.

"That's much better, Mr. Loe," and before more could be said, she hurried them all off to dress.

The evening was so delicious that it was determined to adjourn after dinner to the stream to see if the trout were rising.

"You will conduct me, won't you, Mr. Howard?" said Lady Bailie. "I want to hear all about your work."

Jack was "delighted," and watched Peggy and Eustace Loe pair off with what additional delight he could muster.

The scene by the river's edge had a fascination completely its own. The stretch of the river they had selected for the promenade had the advantage of a dry gravel patch on the near side, laid down by special orders of Lady Bailie, but not ever. This could spoil the scene as it then looked. Here and there drooping ash trees hung loose arms over the water; at the point where the little party had now grouped together two may bushes scented the whole air, and on the left the white discs of an elder loomed mysterious. A little lower on the right was just audible the repressed whisper of the weir, from where a bunch of bramble bushes threw a dark patch across the water. Far away from up in the gardens of the hall the shriller wails of the nightingale just carried to the valley. But the river too had its sounds; a vole slipped into the stream with a hushed plop, and from a bush on the other side issued a curious and continuous whirr.

"Whatever's that noise?" asked Loe.

"Is it a nightjar, unc'e?" suggested Peggy.

"I didn't know you had crickets out of doors," contradicted Lady Bailie.

"It sounds to me like a fishing reel," said Howard.

"No one's near the truth but Peggy," summed up Roger Bailie, who never made a mistake on such subjects; "that is a grasshopper warbler, and if anyone can find the nest I'll give him my new book full of brown alders."

There can be no doubt of the extraordinary likeness of the bird's note to that of a reel. The comparison comes into the mind of nine out of every ten people who hear the bird, though the note is more often taken for that of a grasshopper. In this case there was immediate opportunity of testing the resemblance, for a little lower down the stream was an actual reel in revolution.

"There's Peggy's friend, the blacksmith," said Bailie.

"Don't talk nonsense, uncle; it was you that gave him leave to fish, and you said he was the best fisherman in the county."

"Well, we won't quarrel about his friendship," said Peggy's uncle, with a smile; "but if either of you young men want a wrinkle, Tovy, the village blacksmith, is your man."

By this time the fisherman had approached quite near the party, but paid them not the slightest attention. Sport meant a good deal more to him than even Lady Bailie's society. The old blacksmith looked the very embodiment of night hunting. Unlike the figure usually associated with men of his profession, he was tall and rather thin in build, with the large long hands of an artist. As he crept along the bank, silent and stooping, now and again going on his knees to catch the sky reflection on the open bit of water, his posture and profile were dimly visible to the little bunch of watchers. They could hear, but not see, the line swishing through the night air, and now and again the pretty metallic click of the reel answered the warbler. Then slowly the fisher passed by them and disappeared in the gloom. Lady Bailie was just beginning to urge that it was time to go back when a slight commotion was heard, and presently a small boy's shrill voice exclaimed, "By gum, fayther, she's a big un."

"It'll do nicely for Peggy," was the gruff response from the darkness.

"Really," said Lady Bailie to her husband, "the insolence of these men is getting unbearable."

"I think it was very nice of him," said Peggy.

"And after all she is Peggy, isn't she?" pleaded the husband.

"You're really too ridiculous, Roger; of course she's Peggy, but he's no right to know it." And they returned to the house.

The amusements of the week at Cumnor Hall were threefold. There were two cricket matches, there was excellent music in the evenings (Lady Bailie seldom asked a cricketer unless he was also a musician), and above all there was fishing. All round Jack Howard had been having a very bad time. He could not sing, and was not fond of complicated music. He had bitterly offended his hostess by asking, at the end of an experimental glee, who had come in first? The rudeness was apparent to all, the jest to all but one, and that was Lady Bailie. He was on the other hand a good cricketer, but in the two matches had failed miserably, and was not in the best of tempers. Peggy had sung duets with Loe, and had clapped a good score he made at a critical juncture. She had also congratulated him on his fine fishing.

Loe was one of those people who seem to have a sort of knack of success, the most annoying of gifts in the eyes of a less lucky rival. He could do most things pretty well and without much apparent effort, but in reality took infinitely more trouble than people usually thought. For though he was in most ways a good chap and a pleasant comrade, underneath was a hidden, but altogether abnormal, force of vanity. Success was his goddess, and he liked the success to be manifest to the people about him.

Trout somehow had been hard to catch; the May-fly had come up in great numbers, simultaneously, and the fish were gorged; the river also was very weedy. At breakfast two days before the two men were to depart their host suggested that there must be a prize for whoever managed to kill the largest fish.

"Will you allow the fortunate one to take you in to dinner, Miss Bailie?" suggested Jack.

"An excellent prize," said Loe, and the two just looked at each other for a moment with something of an unconscious challenge.

"And so poor Peggy is to be the victim in either case, is she? Very well; only remember if neither of you catch any fish, I shall go in to dinner with uncle."

"I'm quite sure I shall beat you, Howard," said Loe in his easy way as they presently strolled down to the river.

"Well, it doesn't very much matter," replied Jack, who tried to see no reason for making the competition critical.

"I don't know; little things make a lot of difference sometimes. That's a sort of superstition of mine," said Loe, who was not often so serious nor showed so much of his real feelings; and the more Howard thought over the words, the less he liked them.

"I believe that man means business," he muttered to himself as he took up his position by the river. His thoughts did not get the more pleasant as the morning advanced. The fish, as he might have known, would not rise. He threw sideways casts under the weeping ash boughs and caught his hook therein; he crossed the stream and crouched down among the lush grass and figwort, and lost two more of his best flies; he got very hungry indeed, but was much too sulky to go in to lunch. But suddenly things improved. Lady Bailie, he knew, had gone out for the afternoon, and now he suddenly caught sight of Peggy coming towards him. She brought some sandwiches and insisted on his eating them; she made him talk of his prospects in town; she even allowed him to give her a lesson in casting a line. There was no interruption from Loe, as they had previously tossed for stretches of the river and agreed, with a sort of mock seriousness, not to trespass on each other's reaches. About five o'clock Peggy went off, but presently gave him a shock of delightful surprise by coming back again with buns and milk, and they picnicked in a little copse through which the stream ran. But all good things end, and it was time to go.

"What a good day I've had!" ejaculated Howard, as they entered the garden, but as he said the words they ran into Loe carrying two beautiful fish.

"Oh, how clever of you, Mr. Loe," said Peggy.

"Not my fault," he replied, with what struck both his hearers as unusual mock modesty. "You see—" but before he could go on their host appeared and shouted out cheerily, "Well, Peggy, so Loe's to take you in to dinner, is he?"

"Looks like it," assented the fortunate as they went in to dress.

It was a beautiful and warm evening, and after dinner "the young people" were urged to adjourn to the garden. Loe seemed to have monopolised Peggy, and Lady Bailie and her husband showed a desire to talk business, so Howard, for want of occupation, strolled down to the river. He found, as he expected, the old blacksmith fisherman hard at work, fishing as if the river were a forge. He seemed to be in luck, too, and landed two goodish fish in quite a short time, and not till then consented to take any notice of his admirer.

"How do you manage to catch 'em, Tovy?" asked Howard, in genuine admiration. "I've been at it all day and got never a rise."

"Ye cayn't catch 'em in the daytime," he answered, with a nasal prolongation of the vowels peculiar to him, "and ye cayn't catch 'em at night with anything but a coachman, and ye want to know about the river too. Would you like a look at my fly?"

Howard did look, and his wonder was not lessened. The fly was a mere courtesy title for the odd things attached to the hook. It was nothing more nor less than two bits of duck feather hackled to the hook with more steadfastness than skill. But at least "the fly" had the merit of being big and rather white, the only two virtues according to Tovy's creed.

"Don't you ever fish in the daytime then?" asked Howard.

"Now and again may be, when the fly first come in. I got two nice fish afore supper this very evening. Ye'll have 'em for breakfast may be. I gave 'em to that gentleman that's staying up at the house yon."

Was it possible? Had Loe then not caught the fish after all, and taken Peggy in to dinner under false pretences? Then he remembered Loe's odd acceptance of Peggy's congratulations, and it became clear that Loe's vanity had overcome his original effort to say where the fish came from. While he was wondering, and Tovy after his manner was studying his face with shrewd gaze, from along the gravel path Loe himself and Peggy appeared in close converse, but catching sight of the fishers turned abruptly back.

"Is our Miss Peggy going to marry that London chap?" asked Tovy in an accented drawl, after a prolonged silence.

"I'm very much afraid she is, Tovy."

"Going to marry a man who made out he's caught other people's fish?"

"What do you mean, Tovy? I never said that or anything like it. And it's no business of mine or yours what Miss Bailie or Mr. Loe does," and poor Howard hurried off in thorough misery, afraid of giving away his rival if he stayed longer.

When he got back to the drawing-room Peggy had returned, and Loe looked so hopelessly self-satisfied that Howard's sulkiness increased to such a pitch that before they went to bed he had succeeded in offending both his host and hostess.

The next day was Sunday. The old village church, which the hall party made a point of attending, lay almost by itself, with only a sort of bridle road leading up to it. The shortest way from the hall was by a narrow path over three grass fields, and duly on this morning the party took the path. Lady Bailie took the lead, and for the walk had monopolised Loe, or more correctly had been taken in hand by Loe. Her husband and Peggy and the still sulky Howard followed at a respectful distance. At one of the stiles they came upon the artistic blacksmith playing with his numerous family. To Lady Bailie he touched a reverential head, beamed at Peggy, and asked if he might have a word with the squire. By this timely intervention Howard and Miss Bailie were enabled to complete the walk together. It was not easy to maintain sulkiness for long under Peggy's influence. She had an infectious little laugh, and the twinkling eyes under her arched eyebrows had a witchery not many people tried to resist. She had also much of the directness of her uncle.

"Why have you been so sulky, Mr. Howard?" she began almost at once.

"Have I been sulky?" he answered, weakly. "You see, I must go back to town to-morrow, and town's horrid, and I thought it would be so delightful here."

"Do you know you're very rude indeed, and all because the fish didn't bite? If you'd caught Mr. Loe's two fish you would have been as happy as could be; just like a man."

This direct assault was a little hard. It was of course impossible to tell tales, but to be twitted with his virtues was a little bit upsetting.

"It wasn't the fish in the way you mean," he said, and with that dark saying Peggy had to be content.

But she—in women's way—had the last word, and just as they entered the churchyard said, even more darkly: "Other people may want to be sulky too, Mr. Howard," and then with a little half merry laugh and look continued, "but we did have a good day yesterday, didn't we?"

Howard had plenty to think of all church time, and was so busy working out all the possible meanings of Peggy's—he always thought of her as Peggy—last saying that he noticed very little else. He did not notice that the squire got to his place in the choir about five minutes late, or that when he read the lesson he said it was written "according to the Acts." Indeed the squire's unusual manners on that Sunday were the subject of comment in the village for a month or more. For he was very much upset. Loe, he knew, had proposed to Peggy, his niece, the night before, and though she had refused to give him a definite answer for some time, he thought that the pressure of her aunt would be certain to extract an acceptance, for Peggy owed home and everything else to her real uncle and his childless wife. But the squire's sporting instincts were part of his very nature, and, like the blacksmith, he found it difficult to believe any good of a man who had offended against the dictates of the sporting spirit. He also felt sure that the unorthodox and independent blacksmith had conveyed the information indirectly from the same instinct of sport and from his affection for the squire's family.

Roger Bailie walked back home with his wife, told her the tale, and said, in a tone which she at once knew to be final, that



Peggy must know what she was in for. "A man who would do that would do anything," he concluded.

"Roger," was all Lady Bailie could protest; "he's got two thousand pounds a year and Peggy not a penny, and all because of a stupid little fishing squabble."

"Anyhow, Peggy shall decide," said her husband, and the subject was closed.

Poor Loe! He hadn't meant to keep up the deception, but unfortunately he had used the opportunity to make his proposal. So Peggy was pleased to make much of the meanness, and then escape from the dilemma of either sacrificing herself or of offending her almost parents.

On the next day Loe went back to town as arranged, but Howard was induced to stay for a last fish. He borrowed one of the blacksmith's coachmen at the first opportunity and caught a two-pound trout with it, which Miss Bailie—only in the excitement he called her Peggy—successfully landed for him.

They were admiring it together when a nasal drawl behind them spoke these words of wisdom: "I told you so; there's nothing like a coachman for evening fishing in the Kennet valley." And there isn't. W. B. THOMAS.

### *The Last of the Yorkshire . . . Duck Decoys.*

At the present day, throughout the length and breadth of the broad-acred county, there are only two working duck decoys. In 1800 those of Watton and Scorbrough-Home and Meaux were done away with; one at Coatham Marsh,



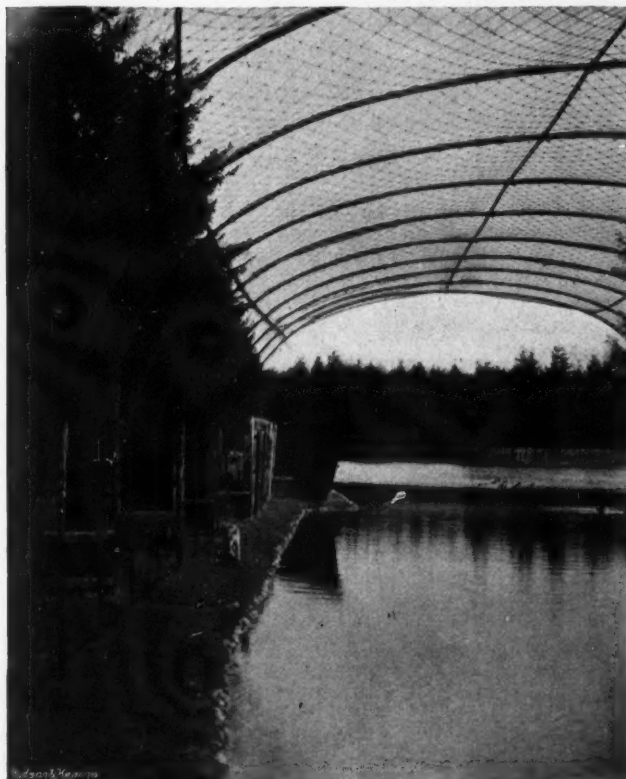
FITTING ON THE FOXSKIN COAT.

at the mouth of the Tees, ceased to exist in the early seventies, and another at Osgodby fell into disuse at about the same time, though the ducks from this last decoy used to be sent into Selby actually by the cartload. It is a matter for wonder why there are not more; there are plenty of admirable situations for them, and, apart from the fun of working them, in these hard times there is no reason why they should not yield a handsome profit. The ducks are there, and, given a suitable season, there is no earthly reason why they should not be caught. Of the two decoys still remaining, one is on the estate of a well-known sporting baronet, but this only consists of three pipes, and not nearly so many duck are accounted for as at the other decoy, which is on the estate of a well-known nobleman, consists of four pipes, and accounts for a goodly number of birds in a fair season. This is the decoy that I propose to give a short account of. The first thing that one sees on approaching the decoy is the fish-tail weather-gage, set on a high pole on an eminence in the park, so that the decoy man may know how the wind blows, and accordingly how to work the decoy, for, be it observed, ducks are very keen of



PEEPING THROUGH THE SCREENS.

scent. At a famous Lincolnshire decoy the old squire used to immediately order the decoy man's wife to take a hare, or anything savoury that she happened to be cooking, off the fire if the wind happened to be blowing in the direction of the decoy. The decoy itself is situated in a plantation, with high fencing all round, so that nothing can get in; it covers about 12 acres, 10½ acres being wood, and 1½ acres water. The first procedure before entering the enclosure is 'fitting on the foxskin coat and brush' with tapes tied round the chest and loins of Rover, the decoy dog, a most sensible yellow, prick-eared, long-tailed animal, who wags his tail and seems delighted at the process. Collies are used at some decoys, and I knew of a white dog that was used at a Norfolk decoy; ferrets are sometimes used, and there is a tale about a monkey, escaping from an organ-grinder, at one decoy rushing up the pipes, and being followed by a great



DUCKS FOLLOWING ROVER.

drift of duck. Some decoy men are greatly in favour of anything foxy in appearance, it being well known how most birds will mob this animal, while others say that the colour of the dog does not so much matter, provided that he arouses the curiosity of the duck and they follow him. Just inside the decoy enclosure is a pit-fall rabbit-trap. Everything must be as silent as the grave; the dog utters not a sound, but works by signal from the decoy man all round the wooden screens, of which there are thirteen to each pipe, and which are made of tarred wood, with little peepholes with a shutter for the decoy man to look through. Sawdust is laid down on the boards to prevent the men slipping in frosty weather, and every twig and branch is carefully swept away, so that there shall be absolute quiet. The *modus operandi* is as follows: The ducks, which are swimming about on the open piece of water, are attracted by the dog, who is put in at the opening of the pipe to be worked. He keeps jumping round the screens backwards and forwards, gradually leading the duck further and further up the pipe, when at the bend of the pipe the decoy man, who all this time has been behind the screens guiding the dog by signal, shows himself behind the birds, waving a red handkerchief; when doing this he is invisible to any birds that may be left on the pond. The duck fly and swim further up the pipe till the decoy man pulls the cord and lets fall the drop net, and then there is no fear of any of them breaking back. The birds hurry forward into the detachable tunnel net at the end of the pipe; this is then unhooked, the birds



LETTING DOWN THE DROP NET.

taken out and their necks broken so as not to injure the skin—a by no means easy thing to do at first—by holding the head in one hand, the neck and body in the other, and giving it a sharp jerk; the birds are then thrown into the little wire enclosure seen at the end of the tunnel net, about 1½ ft. high, to prevent them flapping about and scaring other birds on the pond. Burning peat is never used at this decoy. Mallard and teal form the principal bag; only eight widgeon were taken last season (1898-99). The full length of each pipe is 75 yds., and there are thirteen screens to each. The dog is rewarded every now and then by some little tit-bit that the decoy man carries in his pocket. An iron rod is attached to the drop net, so that it shall sink at once to the bottom, and so prevent any ducks diving back beneath it. If any do break back before the net falls it is almost useless to try for any more on that day, and what frightens the rest of the duck as much as anything is when a duck flies up and kills itself against the top of the pipe, and hangs there in full sight of them all; it is at once removed by a long pole with a hook at the end. The biggest drift ever taken in this decoy was 197, and the most in one day 205—145 at one drift and the rest at another. The water on the decoy pond is nowhere more than 3 ft. deep. Decoy birds are kept on it of the wild breed, the white birds not finding favour with decoy men. The duck will not drive down wind; a cross wind is good. Occasionally rarities are got in the drifts, and such stragglers as kingfishers. Ice-breaking, etc., is mostly done at night, when the ducks are generally away, coming back to rest on the quiet water in the daytime, but



A VIEW OF THE PIPE.

occasionally a good drift has been made at night, and, in fact, with proper management the duck may be got at all times in a first-rate decoy, such as the one I have very cursorily described.

OXLEY GRABHAM.

## A Soldier's Hawk.

OUR picture, for permission to show which we are indebted to our kind friend the Hon. Mrs. Boyle, is that of a hawk, which may or may not have been famous, belonging to a man who was not only famous, but also deserved all the fame that he got, and more. The counterfeit presentment of the hawk becomes of special interest when it is known that the falcon itself was the property of "that gallant soldier, Harry Lumsden," otherwise the late General Sir Harry Lumsden, K.C.S.I., C.B., and that the photograph was taken by him. This is not the place or the time to tell the story of the life of the man who founded the famous Corps of Guides, under the auspices of Sir Henry Lawrence. The debt which England and India owe to his memory can only be stated in volumes, and the task has been performed already. But this little reminder of a



FALCON ON THE WRIST.



great and brave soldier is welcome none the less, and there is one very prominent comrade, still happily living, for whom it will possess peculiar interest. More than forty years ago, when the Indian Mutiny was brewing, a certain young officer of the Horse Artillery was spending the winter at Peshawar. His name was Roberts; and he is now rather better known than he was then. He records that whenever he had the opportunity he rode over

to Mardan, where the Corps of Guides were stationed, commanded by Harry Lumsden. "Many were the good gallops I enjoyed with his hawks, hunting the aubara." To see this hawk will surely call up pleasant memories in Lord Roberts's mind, and to us, too, it is delightful to think of these Englishmen, living in stirring times—not that they knew then how exciting they were—and finding time for the field-sports which are the making of Englishmen.

## PHASES OF CANINE LIFE.

BEFORE me lie two amusing photographs of dog life, in both of which fox-terriers very naturally figure. I write "very naturally" because, great as are the merits of the British bulldog, his popularity is not to be compared with that of the fox-terrier. If a canine census were to be taken, breeds being distinguished, the fox-terriers, good, bad, and indifferent, would certainly outnumber the representatives of any other breed, and I am not sure that they would not outnumber even the curs of low degree. For the fox-terrier grows ever more and more, and the cur grows less and less; and few things are more remarkable than the spread of knowledge and taste in things canine, and the determination of all dog-owners, male and female, to possess none but true-bred dogs. How far this is due to dog shows, or how far the shows owe their origin to the improvement of public taste, it is impossible to say; but now that both influences are at work they act and react upon one another. The first picture, *THEY HAD WORDS*, is a snap-shot taken at a dog show. It illustrates very forcibly one of the disadvantages attending dog shows, especially when the competitors for honour are not properly separated from one another by partitions. That is to say, there is a tendency for shows to spoil the tempers of dogs, especially of young dogs. The old stagers, for the most part, get used to shows, and take them as part of the order of existence. They know quite well what the preliminary grooming means, they welcome the appearance of the travelling dog-box, they seem quite to look forward to the prospect of a little change,

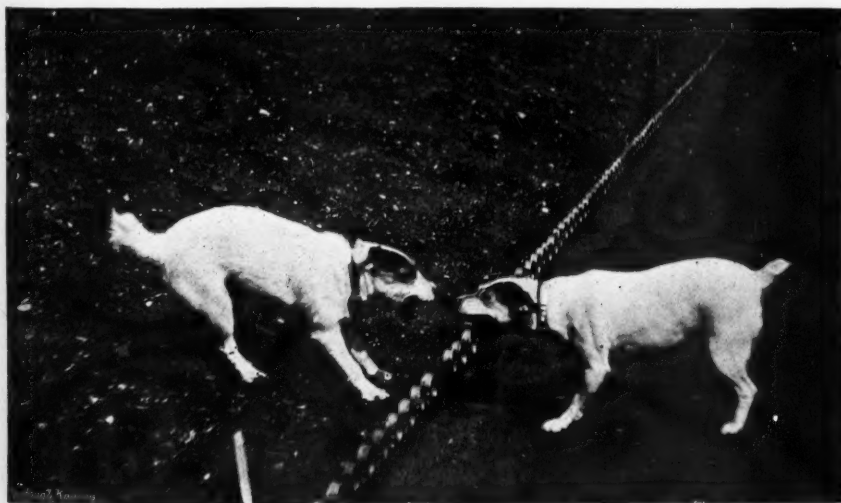


C. Reid. Wishaw, N.B.

*THEY HAD WORDS.*

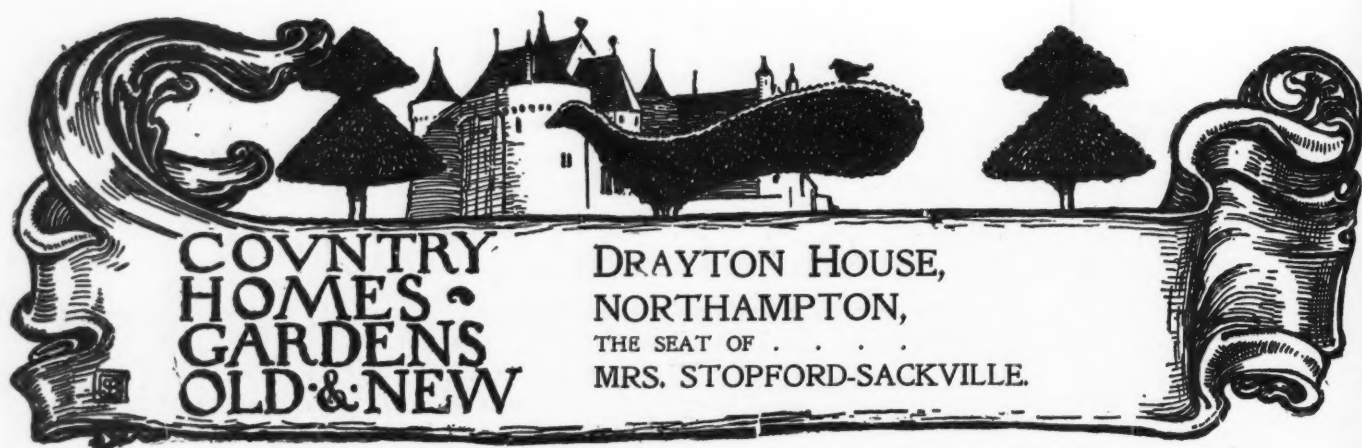
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"Hanging up your fiddle at your own door." Obviously 503 and 502 are spoiling their tempers as fast as they know how to do so; 502 also is using atrocious language, every snarl of which is perfectly well understood by 503. For the rest, the two dogs are of very different stamp, one being cobby, and the other raking, but neither of them bears out the reproach commonly urged against the show bench fox-terrier, to wit, that he is weedy and delicate, and not fit for work. The *TUG-OF-WAR* is a happy snap-shot of an authentic incident which took place at Mr. Henry Whitehead's house near Bury. Mr. Whitehead, it may be observed, is as hearty an all-round sportsman as ever was reared in the very sporting county of Lancashire. He is a first-rate rifle shot, and a wonderful performer with the shot-gun. He won the Any Rifle Wimbledon Cup in 1883, using a Deeley-Edge-Metford rifle, and within twenty-four hours the great pigeon-shooting prize of the day also. He still shoots as well as ever, and he showed at Bisley in July last that he could use the small-bored Mannlicher as well as the larger bored match-rifle of old days. As a member of the English Elcho team he made 201, which was one of the three highest scores. He has a son who promises to follow in his footsteps. It was just after his successful performance in the Elcho that Mr. Whitehead, being in high good-humour, gave me the photograph of the tug-of-war. Incidentally it illustrates the fact that he has a pretty and workmanlike taste in fox-terriers, broken and smooth-coated. It illustrates also the habit, at once annoying and amusing, which pet dogs have of fetching playthings from their mistresses' bedrooms. These two dogs have possessed themselves of a silk stocking, and they are struggling for the possession of it. No man posed them or arranged that their performance should be given exactly over the edging of a garden bed, which gives the contest a most lifelike appearance. The print shows beautifully the straining of the great muscles of the forearm in the smooth dog, and the arching of the back and the combined use of all four legs on the part of the rough-coated one. Which will win? Or will the tough silk fibre of the stocking resist much longer? One cannot say, but one may guess that the stocking has fulfilled its proper function for the last time. CANICULUS.



*TUG-OF-WAR.*

and to understand that they will come in for a great deal of admiration, which gratifies all true dogs in the most obvious fashion. Still, some of them—the famous Dandie Border King was a case in point—remain irritable to the end, and some will sulk for a long time after they return home; they find it dull after the excitement of the show. There are human beings who, after a pleasant visit upon which they have been the life and soul of the party, will act in similar fashion, and the process is called



"WELL! we hurried away to Drayton an hour before dinner," wrote that inimitable gossip Horace Walpole to George Montague, in July, 1765. "Oh, the dear old place! You would be transported with it! The front is a brave, strong castle wall, embattled and loopholed for defence. Passing the great gate you come to a sumptuous but narrow modern court, behind which rises the old mansion, all towers and turrets. The house is excellent, has a vast hall, ditto dining-room, king's chamber, trunk-gallery at the top of the house, and seven or eight different apartments. Then it is covered with portraits, crammed with old china, furnished richly, and not a rag in it under forty, fifty, or a thousand years old; but not a bed or a chair that has lost a tooth, or got a grey hair, so well are they preserved. I rummaged it from head to foot, examined every spangled bed and enamelled pair of bellows, for such there are; in short, I do not believe the old mansion was ever better pleased with an inhabitant since the days of Walter de Drayton, except when it received its divine old mistress. If one could honour her more than one did before, it would be to see with what religion she keeps up the old dwelling and customs;

as well as old servants, who you may imagine do not love her less than other people do. The garden is just as Sir John Germain brought it from Ho'land; pyramidal yews, treillages, and square cradle walks, with windows clipped in them."

Walpole's description of Drayton House is as good as a photograph, and it is true in every particular to-day. Still there is the brave front, dating from Elizabeth's days, looking out over that delightful formal garden; there are those wonderful leaden vases and iron gates and *clairvoyées*; we may see the splendid classic front with lofty Corinthian fluted columns, strangely linked, in bold contrast, with out modification or breaking of the style, with the remains of a much earlier day, enclosing the narrow court, exactly as Walpole describes it. Such a house must be abundantly interesting; in its character and its gardens it seems to speak to us of history and of famous men. The Walter de Drayton to whom Walpole refers was a member of the great family of De Vere, Earls of Oxford, who lived in the time of Richard I. The branch of that family which retained Drayton assumed the name, and the estate descended from them, through the marriage of successive heiresses, to the Greens, the Staffords, and the



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THE INNER COURT AND COLONNADE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."





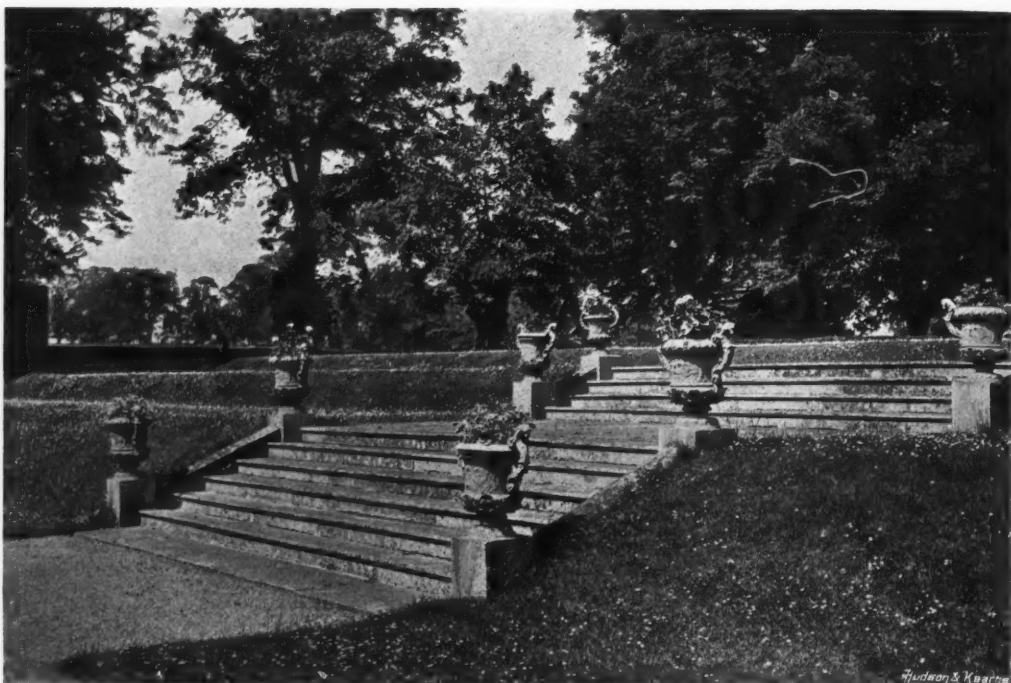
"COUNTRY LIFE."

GARDENS OLD AND NEW.—DRAYTON HOUSE THE BOWLING GREEN.

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Mordaunts. It was Lewis, third Baron Mordaunt, 1572-1601, who added to the Edwardian structure the noble Tudor front which looks out over the formal garden, and his arms, with those of his wife, Elizabeth D'Arcy, still remain on the sundial on the low wall dividing the "wilderness" from the principal garden. The famous John Thorpe is said to have been the architect. The fourth Lord Mordaunt, who lay a year in the Tower through supposed complicity in the Gunpowder Plot, held stoutly to the old faith, as did his widow, who was deprived of the custody of their boy by James I. This boy was afterwards created, by Charles I., Earl of Peterborough, but in the Civil War he adhered to the Parliament and was General of Ordnance under the Earl of Essex.

His successor, Henry, the second Earl, was a very remarkable man. His early sympathies were with the cause his father favoured, but he passed over to the King in 1643, and in September of that year fought gallantly at Newbury, being wounded in the arm and thigh, and having his horse shot under him. In 1646 he returned to England and compounded for his estates, but was soon embroiled again, making a last effort for the King, by raising the royal standard at Dorking, with the idea of seizing Reigate. Once more he escaped, wounded, to the Continent, and again compounded, and at the Restoration he became Governor of Tangier, afterwards served with the fleet,

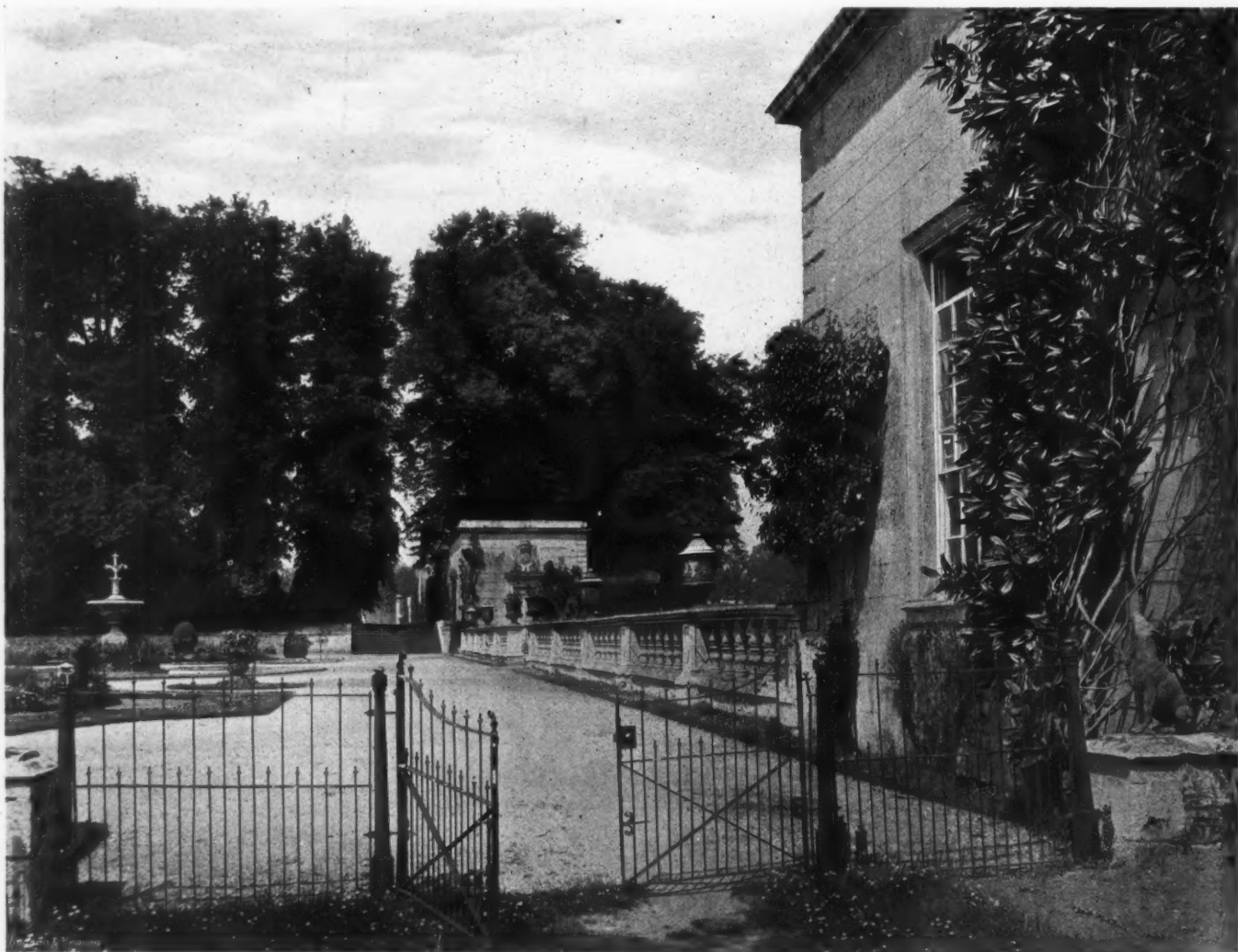


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LEADING TO THE UPPER TERRACE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

and was an envoy in the Duke of York's matrimonial affairs. Trouble again visited him, for in 1689 he was impeached for high treason "in defaulting from his allegiance, and being reconciled to the Church of Rome." He contrived, however, after his stormy life, to die quietly in his bed. This Earl did a great deal to Drayton, and, though the general arrangement of the formal garden is earlier, he certainly improved it greatly. The "banqueting houses," terminating the terrace at the further end of the garden, were erected by him in the fashion of the time, and it is probable



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THE TERRACE WALL AND BANQUETING HOUSES.

"COUNTRY LIFE."





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THE PLEACHED ALLEY OR CRADLE WALK.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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THE FORMAL GARDEN LOOKING EAST.

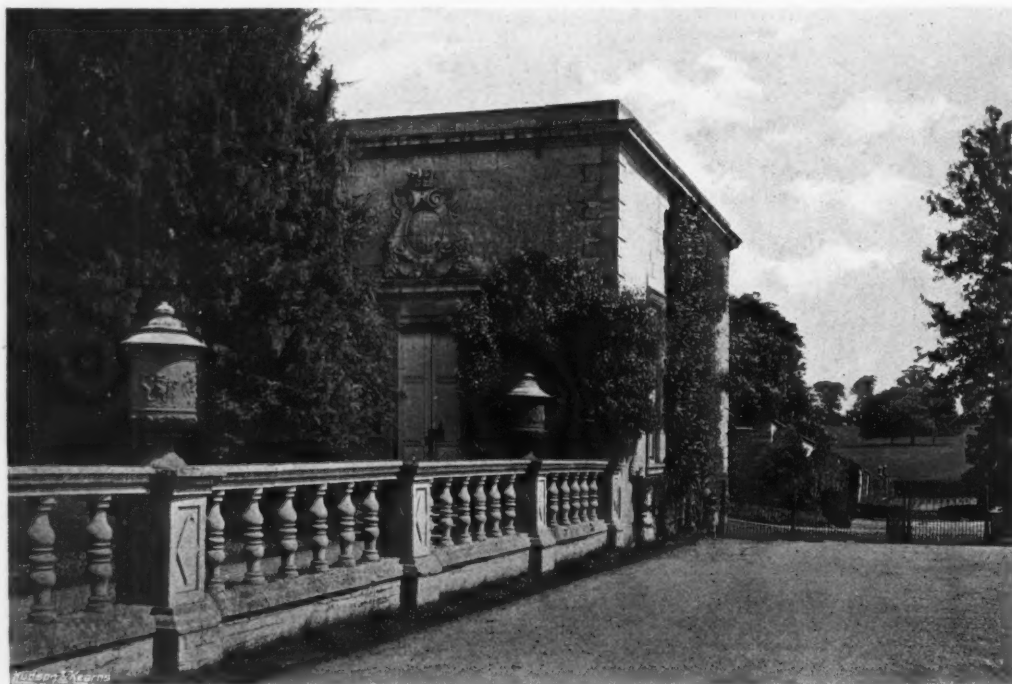
"COUNTRY LIFE."

that the beautiful terracing and flights of steps may be attributed to him. To about the same period belong the magnificent leaden vases and statues which are such a remarkable feature of the garden, and are scarcely excelled by any in England.

When the Earl died his title went to his nephew Charles, afterwards the great Earl of Peterborough, that famous seaman and soldier, but the Drayton estate passed to his daughter, Lady Mary, Baroness Mordaunt, who married the Duke of Norfolk. This lady carried on her father's work at Drayton, and the

magnificent iron gates and grilles, which are such a striking feature of the place, some of them bearing her monogram, were erected by her in 1699 and 1700. We are thus able to see how Drayton House became the splendid composite building it is, and how it was adorned with gardens and garden accessories exactly appropriate to it. The lady married, as her second husband, Sir John Germain, a well-known soldier of fortune, who accompanied William III. to England. Many stories are told of him, among others that he believed the gospel of St. Matthew to have been written by Sir Matthew Decker.

Walpole, as we have seen, said that he brought the Drayton garden over with him from Holland, meaning that he imported the Dutch style. The truth evidently is that he grafted something of Dutch quaintness upon similar forms already existing in the garden. The pleached arbour will remind many of that quaint alley known as "Queen Mary's Bower" on the south front of Hampton Court, and it is not a little singular that the colonnade within the court at Drayton should bear a general resemblance in position and aspect to that which Wren erected in the Clock Court of the palace of William III. by the Thames. It was Sir John Germain, William's friend, and, as some say, his half-brother, who raised the colonnade at Drayton. Walpole took a delight in jibing at Sir John. In a letter to the Countess of Ossory (November 3rd, 1782), written nearly twenty years after his characteristic eulog-



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BANQUETING HOUSE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."





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THE OUTER COURT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

of Drayton, he says, "There is a modern colonnade, erected by Sir John Germain, the pillars of which, according to his usual ignorance, were at first, as Lady Suffolk told me, set up with their capitals downward, supposing them pedestals." But Walpole, when he wrote this, was old and afflicted with the spleen, without "philosophy enough to stand stranger servants staring at my broken fingers at dinner," ready to hide himself "like spaniels that creep into a hedge to die," and he wrote to the Countess: "Your new visitor, I hope, Madam, has carried you

to Drayton; it is a most venerable heap of ugliness, with many curious bits." "Omnia mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis," may we truly say of decrepit Walpole!

When Sir John Germain's first wife died she left Drayton to him, but he was constantly embroiled in legal difficulties in regard to the estate. The Earl of Peterborough tried to dispossess him, and, though the House of Lords decided in his favour, actions were in progress until he died. They were thereupon dropped, because Germain's widow came into possession by



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THE GARDEN FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

will, and the Earl of Peterborough had said that if she received the estate he would relinquish all claim to it. This lady was the "divine old mistress" extolled by Walpole—Lady Betty Germain—who survived her husband for fifty-one years, dying in 1769, and who was a friend and correspondent of Swift, and a famous lady of the last century. She greatly prized her possession, and left it to her cousin, Lord George Sackville, third son of Lionel, first Duke of Dorset, and from him it has descended to its present owner, who prizes and cares for the splendid place as much as Lady Betty ever could have done.

In the passage of all these years it has, of course, gone through various changes, but Mrs. Stopford-Sackville and her late husband made the present arrangement of the formal garden, assisted by Nesfield, in 1846. It was actually a work of restoration, and little is really changed since James I. and his Queen visited the place in the time of the fourth Lord Mordaunt, in August, 1605. There is a little more to say about the garden. We have endeavoured, so far, to suggest its evolution in its perfect appropriateness. The formal paths, stately terraces, hedges of hornbeam and beech, grass walks, avenues and pleached arbours, seem as if the cavaliers and dames of a former day delighted in them. The piece of still water and the great limes are most beautiful; the antique air truly is about the place, and the landscape gardener has not broken the spell. There are three main divisions in the garden at three different levels. The first, along the north side of the house, is a spacious lawn bisected by a double row of unusually well-grown lime trees, beyond which again is a large parallelogram divided into four by high palisades of elm, beech, and hornbeam; within these are ancient flower, fruit, and vegetable gardens. Here it is that we find the pleached alley. The whole is surrounded by a high wall, admittance being gained through a pair of fine iron gates.



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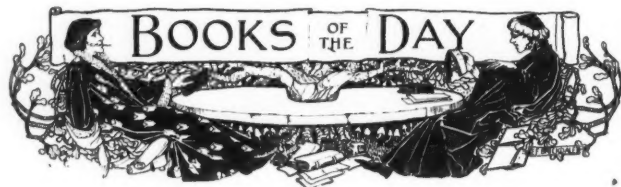
FLEMISH GATES.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

fine, and separates the garden from the mount or raised terrace, which looks over a ha-ha into the park. At a still lower level is a third parallelogram, divided by a single row of lime trees, between water and kitchen garden, the latter enclosed by well-grown yew hedges, beyond which again is the bowling green, with its splendid iron gate, bearing the cypher of Mary, Duchess of Norfolk.

Our pictures will enable many to appreciate the beauties and interests of this glorious Northamptonshire dwelling which was

great in Stuart times, was extolled by Horace Walpole in the last century, and of which a modern writer has said that, "if it yields to Burghley in uniform magnificence, and to Althorp in pictorial riches, yet excels them, and all the county houses, in the wealth and subtlety of its artistic and historic charms." Mrs. Stopford-Sackville inherited the estates of Lady Betty Germain in 1843.



MRS. EARLE'S "More Pot-Pourri from a Surrey Garden" (Smith, Elder) may be described frankly as an unreviewable book which is none the less of extraordinary interest and variety. You never know what you will find in it next, but, after reading a very little of it, you feel convinced that you will always find something worth reading. To read is to enjoy the pleasure of listening to an acute woman, who has views about most things, especially about gardening, and what may be called domestic philosophy. In expressing these views she has two principal merits, one positive and one negative. That is to say, she is frank and courageous in saying what she thinks, and she never talks without knowing what she is talking about. Her work is so well known that it is almost unnecessary to describe its character; but if the attempt must be made, it can hardly be done more vividly than by extracting an inch or two from an index which extends to feet of print. Here are some entries in succession: "Beech trees, avenue of—Beef, boiled—Begonias—Berenson, on modern art—Besler, Basil—Bible, the Tissot—Birds, feeding, etc.—Blackbeetles, to destroy—Blackie, Professor, on squandered lives—Blake, William, allusion to—Bleeding, for fever—Blight on Carnations—Blinds, substitutes for, drawing them down in cases of death." In fact Mrs. Earle has given us a second instalment of one of the most agreeable miscellanies that has yet been written. Experience proves that there is only one drawback to this book, and that is in no sense Mrs. Earle's fault. When it is wanted in the parlour it is often found to have vanished to the kitchen. The remedy, which is simple, is to have two copies.

The reviewer has his analogues in commercial life, not in the brandy-taster, who is content to dilute a sample, and then to smell it, but in the tea-taster, who must drink of that on which he pronounces judgment. It is only his own judgment which he can record, and for that reason an account of how that judgment came to be formed is not always out of place. Now a friend for whose judgment I have a strong regard recommended to me "Our Lady of Darkness," by Bernard Capes (Blackwood). I took it up in the hope of a feast, and at the end of a chapter or so I laid it down and played a game of Fan Patience. Perhaps the rare victory which followed produced in me the right mood, for afterwards the book simply refused to be laid down. The inference which I really draw is that the first chapter or two are rather tiresome, but that afterwards the reader is led away captive by the strangeness and the power and the wealth of imagery of the narrative. Edward Murk, heir to the Murk peerage, is as insufferable a prig as ever came out of Balliol itself—not that all Balliol men are prigs—when we meet him first. His uncle, Lord Murk, an aged fop, is a caricature, and an exaggeration. Thackeray went as far as was legitimate in drawing Major Pendennis and Lord Steyne; Mr. Capes, in drawing Lord Murk, certainly exaggerates. Yet one sees the picture as the old man blows "kisses along the palm of his palsied hand," and leers "through quizzing glasses of a power to exhibit in horrible accent the rheum of his eyes," his "fingers were steeped to the knuckles in gems; his cheeks, plastered with chalk and rouge, looked in texture like the dinted covering of a honeycomb." (In similes, it may be observed in passing, Mr. Capes positively revels). They meet in London on the eve of the French



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LEADING TO FORECOURT.

"C.L."

The next level, to which we descend by a flight of steps, is that of the formal garden. This is very well shown in the pictures. The general arrangement goes back to the time of the third Lord Mordaunt (1584); the leaden figures and vases are of rare excellence; and the terrace at the further end, with its terminal banqueting houses, bearing the coronet of the second Earl of Peterborough, and flights of steps and splendid urns, is extremely





Copyright IRON GATES AT DRAYTON. "C.L."

Revolution. Edward Murk, having been informed by his uncle that Oxford is the very market garden of self-sufficiency, and that he needs a power of weeding, answers that he will do the weeding for himself, on a tour abroad, "By observing and selecting, that is all; by forming independent judgments uninfluenced by the respect of position; by assuming continence and sobriety to be the first conditions of happiness; by analysing impressions and restraining impulse; by studying what to chip away from the block out of which I intend to shape my own character, with the world for model." It was this noble sentiment that drove me to Fan Patience in despair, for surely this was the very hyperbole and monstrosity of priggishness. And then, awakening somewhat slowly, came a curiosity to know how this truly terrible young man should fare on the Continent in that time of dreams and violence and wild ideas. It was a curiosity abundantly rewarded, and so let us take up the story again.

Edward goes, travelling as an artist of humble means, to the neighbourhood of Liège, and in describing the scene Mr. Capes discharges his similes like sparrow hail. They are for the most part apt and full of meaning, and many of them are quaint. The canals are "like sleek ingots of glass"; the Meuse is "dinted like an opal with shadowy reflections"; the bridge has "its arches glazed, he could have thought, with mother-of-pearl windows, like a Chinese model in ivory"; the chimney-stocks "exhaled a languid smoke like tree trunks blasted in a forest fire"—all this on one page. Then "the close air prickled with a multitudinous patter of voices like blisters of fat breaking on a grill; the shop windows were so many burning glasses; the market women fried amongst their cablages like bubble and squeak." He goes into the cathedral, full of self-sufficient reflections, and sees a girl and child worship and leave. He sees them

"go down into the blazing market as into a lake of fire." "Stolid Flemish farmers" he sees, "with great pipes pendulous from their mouths, like tongues lolling and smoking with drought"—these may serve for fair examples of the headlong excellence with which Mr. Capes rushes into vivid simile.

As for his story, it can hardly be told in absolute detail, for it is so complicated, and it is in parts so absurd. Yet it is all the more to the credit of the author that the absurdity strikes the reader but seldom. In fact, the story is rather a succession of wild and strange scenes painted with extraordinary vigour. The girl whom he has seen at Liège is Nicette of Méricourt, and to Méricourt, having an introduction to St. Denys, the seigneur of the place, he goes. Nicette, whom he wants to paint, is the saint of the village, and she falls in love with him. St. Denys, an aristocrat who feigns a love for liberty and equality, has a sort of drinking club in the forest over which Théroigne, a peasant girl of extraordinary beauty and passion, presides. There are various scenes, and then Murk thinks it time that he should go to Paris to complete his political and philosophical education, and to watch the hell's-broth of the Revolution as it brews. His watch-tower is a squalid lodging at the meeting-place of the Rue Beautreillis and the Rue St. Antoine, and in this part of the book Mr. Capes is quite at his best and strongest, and the descriptions of the mob and of its violence are in quite the best style of Thomas Carlyle. This passage, for example, might have been written by the sage of Chelsea himself. "St. Antoine, even this west side of the prison bar, took life on the raw; dressed loudly as it talked; discussed its viands and its hopes with an equal appetite for un- and re-dress; was always far readier to hang a man than a joint of beef—instinctively, perhaps, to make him that was hard tender." Then, having seen a factory razed to the ground through the quiet instigation of M. David, having been in one of the riots and having had a narrow escape, having been satiated and sickened with the sight of blood and the very smell of it, he returns to Méricourt again. There he finds Théroigne, the object of general scorn, seduced, and abandoned, her child dead. Nicette, gone a little mad, one thinks, has taken to seeing visions of the Virgin in which she believes implicitly. She declares her passion to him, but as well might she try to melt an iceberg. Her love does not touch him; he regards her visions as mere imposture.

Hey, presto! Murk is in England again, encountering at Dover his uncle with the Chevalier d'Eon, that strange epicene creature of the age, masquerading as a woman. The Chevalier wounds Murk in a fight in his uncle's room, nurses him afterwards, and half-reveals that Théroigne is his uncle's mistress, planted in that position for purposes of espionage. There is a scene between the young man and Théroigne, and in the middle of it the servant announces the death of the old lord. Then quickly comes another interlude, into which come Madame de Geulis and Sheridan, and the beautiful Pamela, who warms the young lord's cold heart for him. And then the book rushes on. We have Murk back again in Liège, another scene in a fearful storm between Nicette and Murk, in which the dead body of Nicette's little brother Batiste is revealed, and Murk thinks that Nicette has murdered him. Then we have Paris again, with Théroigne as militant priestess of St. Antoine, denouncing in a revolutionary Court one whom she mistakes for St. Denys, hounding him to his death. In a word, there is a succession of ghastly scenes, a whirl of feverish action, with Murk arrested, and awful meetings of Nicette and Théroigne, and Nicette sent raving mad to the guillotine. Truly a grim and a strong book, and the last lines haunt one. The scene is the guillotine, snow is falling. "Through the rain of flakes the rapture of a deathless passion was revealed to him. The next moment she was fallen prostrate. A whirling silvery wing swooped down upon her. She seemed to break in half like a woman of snow."

## BUNNY AND JOCK.

SOMEbody, very learned, took the trouble once to weigh the brains of a number of animals, and found that the brain of a tame rabbit weighed less for its size than the brain of any other known creature—a great deal less than the

brain of a wild rabbit. This is not surprising. Old brer rabbit out in the woods has need to be a very clever and enterprising little person, not only to find food for himself and family, but also to preserve himself from the wiles of brer fox, and all the

rest of them. But the tame rabbit is protected against all these troubles by the walls of his hutch and wire-netting windows, so that his brain does not have any occasion for healthy exercise. And ever since Lewis Carroll wrote about him, and introduced us to the white rabbit hurrying on in terrible perturbation lest he should be late for the Duchess's party, we have known him for a nervous, helpless sort of person, always drawing on and off his gloves, always looking at his watch and fussing, never knowing the virtue of a strong-souled repose. And yet we can accustom anything—even a white rabbit—to anything, even to a fox-terrier; so that here you may see Jock, the terrier, terribly perplexed by the advances and the singular manners of Bunny, the rabbit. The order is here reversed. It is not the rabbit that is nervously afraid of the dog; rather it is that—as with all shy people, who, when once they have conquered their shyness, do the most terrific things—the rabbit, with a sort of nervous impudence and imprudence, is CHAFFING JOCK from the door of its hutch, or again has come boldly out, and is venturing on the amazing impertinence of SNIFFING AT HIS LEGS, or finally, most



CHAFFING JOCK.

exasperating of all, **TREATING HIM WITH STUDIED CONTEMPT**, and occupying itself with its feeding-trough under his very eyes. All this is peculiarly trying to a terrier of proper instincts and training, who "sees red," as the old Norse sagas have it, at the very thought of a rabbit.

But a sad experience has taught Jock that this white rabbit is not as other rabbits. This rabbit is Bunny—the rest of the world of rabbits are rabbits pure and simple; but this Bunny is something more than a rabbit; it is a rabbit under the special protection of the higher, that is to say the human, powers, and the effect and meaning of this is that as soon as you, being a terrier, begin to cock your ears, or otherwise put on a warlike appearance, at sight of this particular rabbit, then Jove's thunder—that is to say shouts of, "Ah! bad dog"—comes out at you, followed by the exhibition of a whip, which will be used liberally unless the original canine instincts that say "death to all rabbits" are sternly repressed.

So repressed they have to be, and the consequence is that poor Jock, instead of cocking ears at the sight of Bunny, is apt to let them fall very sadly and apprehensively (you will observe this expression in the first picture, which shows Bunny chaffing him from the hutch door). Bunny knows quite well that Jock dare not touch him, that he (Bunny) is under the protection of the higher deities. The boy—a fifth form boy—to whom both Bunny and Jock belong, says it is just like the fellows in the "Æneid," who are under the protection of some goddess or other (it is Æneas he is alluding to in particular). The boy says it must be "so jolly easy to be plucky when you know some old god or goddess or something won't let you be hurt." All the boy's sympathy is evidently with Turnus. So he says that Bunny is just like Æneas—able to be bold because he sees Olympus on his side, whereas poor old Jock is like Turnus, who knows that he will get a good thunderbolting, or something of that kind, if he lets himself go and gives old Bunny Æneas his deserts. It is rather a good thing that the boy should take such living interest in his "Æneid" characters, even if his ideas of poetic justice do not harmonise with those of the gifted Mantuan. We asked the boy whether Virgil had not anything to say in the "Georgics" about the keeping of tame rabbits for profit, but he seemed to think that this was too modern an industry for Virgil to notice.

There is money in it, for a boy. The way money is made is this—there is a book called "Rabbit Keeping for Profit," but it overlooks many obvious maxims—you borrow the initial capital (that is a recognised commercial practice) from the authorities. There-with you buy your rabbits. If you do not say too much about it, and are prudent, authority may forget, or generously forgive, this loan. That gives you a fair start. Then you feed the rabbits on lucerne, cabbage, lettuce, from the garden, with a little bran and oats from the stables. But on every possible occasion you will show zeal in gathering milky thistles and dandelions, so that authority will form the idea that your rabbits exist principally on these wild products, and finally, when there are young rabbits, which happens often, you will sell them, after they arrive at a discreet weight, at full price, to the authorities. This is "rabbit keeping



SNIFFING AT HIS LEGS

nibble, and under no other circumstances do they keep themselves in such good health.



THE CHRYSANTHEMUM RUST.

**C**HRYSANTHEMUM growers must not regard this new pest too lightly, as if not destroyed it works serious mischief, so serious that collections attacked have been utterly ruined. A single affected specimen will spread the disease, and unless radical measures be taken it is not unlikely that such a scourge as this will destroy in a large measure the almost national interest evinced in the flower. Such destructive fungi as these are a thousand times more to be feared than green-fly, red-spider, or any insect pest, and we know this to be true from the history of the Potato and the Hollyhock. In both cases a fungus almost annihilated the plants, and there is no reason why the Chrysanthemum should be passed over with small injury. When the disease is detected, isolate the plants immediately, and whether touched or not by disease, spray the remainder with sulphide of potassium. Syringing is not advisable; spraying works greater destruction to the fungus. The preparation should consist of half an ounce of the sulphide in a gallon of water, and repeat the dose each week, or spray with that famous preparation called Bordeaux mixture, which should be used in the case of all fungoid visitations. After the plants have gone out of flower cut them down in the usual way, and burn all the leaves and cut shoots. Never throw them away, as a whole district may thus become infested. Watch every plant received, and at once take strong measures if the disease is detected. Only by constant watchfulness and care is it possible to stamp out this plague.

THE JAPANESE CHERRY AND ITS VARIETIES.

The Cherries in general form a beautiful group of flowering trees, but we think the forms of *Cerasus pseudo-Cerasus* are as charming as any, the double-flowered varieties introduced of late years in particular. It is quite worth while making a group of these on the lawn outskirts, or in the pleasure grounds, for their beauty when enveloped in bloom. The double-flowered kinds bear large almost double blossoms, frequently over 2 in. across, and so thickly crowded upon the branches as to hide them, whilst they are either pink-tinted or of a more decided soft purplish shade, as in the varieties Watereri and the newer James H. Veitch, introduced by Mr. Veitch from Japan. Even in pots, grown for the decoration of the conservatory, in spring these Japanese Cherries possess much value. One important point must not be forgotten—the tree succeeds only in a cool and moist loam, as in dry sandy soils it invariably fails. The Cherry



TREATING HIM WITH STUDIED CONTEMPT.



family is sufficiently attractive to plant freely in the English garden. *Cerasus pendula* (the beautiful Weeping Cherry), the almost perpetual blooming All Saints' Cherry (*C. semperflorens*), the white *C. serrulata*, another Japanese species of much beauty, and the snow white double form of the Wild Cherry (*C. vulgaris*), are all distinct and graceful in growth. One of the most attractive of the entire group is probably the double white variety of the Wild Cherry. A tree in full bloom is as if covered with snow. This succeeds even in a London garden.

#### AUTUMN COLOURING OF THE LIQUIDAMBAR.

In October, and even in November, the brilliant colouring of the Liquidambar (*L. styraciflua*) stands out in relief, against even foliage of ruddy shades, the whole of the lobed leaf assuming a red or purplish red tint. The tree reminds one of some of the Maples, and is vigorous and graceful. The best way to propagate it is by layers, not by grafting. *L. imberbe* is more bushy in growth, and less ornamental.

#### THE PERNETTYS.

These peat-loving shrubs are very pretty at this season with their clusters of berries, which differ in colour according to the variety, varying from white to deep blackish purple. *P. mucronata* is the species, a dense evergreen bush, found abundantly in the district bordering upon the Straits of Magellan. The small pointed leaves are scarcely an inch long, and deep shining green, with, in May, a profusion of pure white Lily of the Valley-like flowers for contrast. The Pernettyas are easily raised from seeds, and to obtain these gather the berries when quite ripe, and rub them up with a little dry sand to remove the pulp. Sown in a pan of sandy peat, covered with a quarter of an inch of the same soil, and placed in a frame, the seeds will germinate in about three months. Pot the seedlings off separately when large enough, and then plant out in the pleasure grounds where the soil is peaty and the position cool and not too dry.

#### THE GIANT VIOLETS.

Of late years quite a new race of Violets has been raised, the flowers conspicuous for their size, without either colour or perfume being sacrificed. We hope raisers of new varieties will persevere and obtain other kinds, always keeping in mind that size is not everything. The recent acquisitions, enlarged forms of our modest Violet, are of deep colour, and the flowers borne upon long stems, which make them of extreme value for cutting. One of the first of the giant series to appear was California, which was a revelation, a deep purple flower on a long stem, and filled with perfume. Our experience is that these large-flowered Violets are not suitable for frame culture—at least, not in the same way as the double Violets; but perhaps readers who have grown a complete collection under glass would give their method of culture to assist others. California is a charming variety, very free and fragrant; Princess of Wales is almost as pleasing, although its colour is less bright. We have seen the variety Princess of Wales grown well in frames. The long-stemmed flowers are welcome to cut for personal decoration or for small vases on the table. Another Violet likely to be much grown is La France. This has an intense purple colour, and the flowers are of wonderful size, more like those of miniature Pansies; indeed, this is probably the largest of all the giant Violets. Princess Beatrice is another distinct kind, mauve-purple in shade, and with flowers of pretty form. Several new kinds have not been tested sufficiently, but they are of great promise. Italia is one, and L'Inépisable another; but with California, La France, and Princess of Wales, one need not be without Violets of wonderful interest and beauty.

#### THE IRISH HEATH.

This beautiful Heath is flowering at the present time, and with mild weather will continue to do so through the winter. The Heath family is little understood, and many bright flowers are passed over, whilst the plants only need as a rule peaty soil to develop vigorous growth. *Daboecia*, or to give the old name, *Menziesia polifolia*, is found in several parts of Europe, and is a native of Ireland; hence the popular designation of Irish Heath. Travellers in Connemara and round Killarney may find the plant, as there it grows with moderate freedom, the pure white alba having been discovered in Connemara in 1820. This Heath and its white variety are as pretty as any members of the family; the little bells are hung daintily upon the slender stems, and when the plants are in a moist peaty soil they spread into large groups. Either one or the other, or a mixture of the two, may be planted to form an edging to beds filled with peat-loving shrubs, hardy Azaleas, Rhododendrons, and things of like nature. The *Daboecia* may be easily raised from seed, and interesting forms occur amongst the seedlings. Sow the seed when ripe in the usual shallow pan or pot. Put plenty of drainage in the bottom, and use a soil composed largely of peat. Transfer to a moist frame. When the seedlings are fit to handle with comfort, prick them off into other pans, until of sufficient size to transfer to a spare bed, from whence they can go to their permanent quarters. The seed is not very expensive.

#### THE THORNS.

The Thorns comprise some of the most picturesque and interesting of hardy flowering trees. They adorn the English park, and bring colour to it in the spring, when every branch is enveloped in pink, crimson, or white bloom, and in autumn, the time of ruddy fruits and richly-tinted foliage, none is more showy than the common Hawthorn or "May," and under the name of Quick it is used, of course, in forming strong hedges, defences against stock, and withstanding severe pruning unharmed. It is not of the Thorn as a hedge plant one desires to write, rather of the many beautiful species and varieties in English gardens. The way to increase the majority of kinds is by seeds, which should be gathered in the autumn, mixed with sand, and allowed to remain for a year before being sown in open beds, where they should be covered with about an inch of soil. Another way to increase them is by grafting in the spring or by budding in July, but by seed is the better course. The more important species and varieties are the following, and the best effect is got by grouping. Groups of Thorns are the glory of many an English parkland, and no flowering tree is more consistent in its spring blooming.

*Crataegus aronia*.—This is very distinct and handsome, especially in autumn, when the large yellow fruits are borne in abundance. It comes from the South of Europe, and forms a tree of somewhat upright growth, clothed with deeply-cut foliage. When May has almost run its course white flowers appear in profusion.

*C. Carrieri*.—This is a beautiful Thorn of free growth, easily recognised by its glossy leaves, which turn in autumn to tints of red and orange. When the leaves have fallen a display of colour is maintained by large oblong scarlet fruits, the result of pretty white pink-tinted flowers. In every garden of sufficient size to permit of tree groups this Thorn should be planted for the sake of its many interesting phases.

*C. coccinea*.—A Thorn of importance for its finely-coloured leaves in autumn, red, yellow, and orange intermingling, but this is not its only

attraction. The flower clusters are of purest white, and succeeded by scarlet fruits. This species is very common in North America, and there are numerous varieties of it, none, however, of great distinctness.

*C. Crus-galli*.—This is the well-known Cockspur Thorn, and is quickly known by its remarkable spines; hence the name Cockspur. The flowers are large, produced late in the spring, and the berries deep red, whilst the leaves, as in the case of so many North American trees, die off with brilliant colours. There are several varieties, one of the most distinct being *Salicifolia*, so named from its willow-like leaves. Its growth is very spreading, so much so that a specimen grafted about 6ft. high will push out horizontally, and form, so to say, a living table.

*C. Douglasi*.—The blackish purple berries are the most distinctive feature of this North-West American Thorn; it forms a tree of sturdy upright growth.

*C. Oxycantha*.—This is the botanical name of the common Hawthorn, known too well to require description, but the varieties are many and beautiful. Of the ordinary white Hawthorn there is a double variety, also single and double pink, and the same variation in scarlet, the richest in colour of all being Paul's Double Scarlet. *Punicea* is an intense scarlet kind, and the Glastonbury Thorn (*C. o. præcox*) flowers so early that in some winters its bloom is seen at Christmas. *Variegata*, with prettily variegated leaves, *Lacinata*, the foliage of which is deeply cut, *Pendula*, a charming weeping tree, and the yellow-berried *Leucocarpa* are all distinct kinds.

*C. pinnatifida*.—A Chinese Thorn, conspicuous for its deeply-serrated leaves borne on foot-stalks so long that they partially droop. It is a native of China, and develops into a tree about the size of the common Hawthorn of English parks. The leaves turn to pure yellow colouring before they fall, and the berries are large, and when ripe glowing red.

*C. tanacetifolia*.—The common name for this is the Tansy-leaved Thorn, and it has deeply-cut foliage, but its most precious virtue perhaps is its late flowering, for it is the last of the family to bloom. Other species possess greater beauty, but the white, black-centred flowers are pleasant to see so late.

#### OUR SPRING GARDENS.

It is not many years ago that spring gardening was as little considered as the aspect of the flower borders and beds in autumn, but all this has been changed, chiefly through the agency of bulbs, the Narcissi, Hyacinth, Tulip, and many others, which make a gay procession of blossom from Snowdrop time until the early summer. This has been accomplished in no small degree by such growers and importers as Mr. Robert Sydenham, of Tenby Street, Birmingham, who has by his persevering efforts brought the finer and more beautiful flowers of spring well within the reach of all, even those not too well blessed with this world's goods. Mr. Sydenham's name is a power in the Midlands of England, and it has been through his untiring energy that the Midland Carnation and Picotee Society has achieved such success. He is almost as famous for his Carnations as for his Daffodils, Tulips, and Hyacinths. We remember a pleasant afternoon spent in his Carnation garden one July, when the flowers both in the open borders and under glass were in full beauty. It is astonishing how successfully the Carnation may be grown even in the suburbs of a large smoky city; but as we have written, Mr. Sydenham is a horticulturist not confined to the cult of a single flower. Bulbs in huge quantities issue from his Birmingham centre to brighten the gardens of England in spring.

MESSRS. J. VEITCH AND SONS, of King's Road, Chelsea, send us their list of hardy trees, shrubs, Conifers, Bamboos, Water-lilies, and other plants. The catalogue is freely illustrated.

MESSRS. SUTTON AND SONS, of Reading, have issued their usual autumn bulb catalogue, which is almost a work of reference for all interested in bulb culture. This is one of the most tasteful of all catalogues.

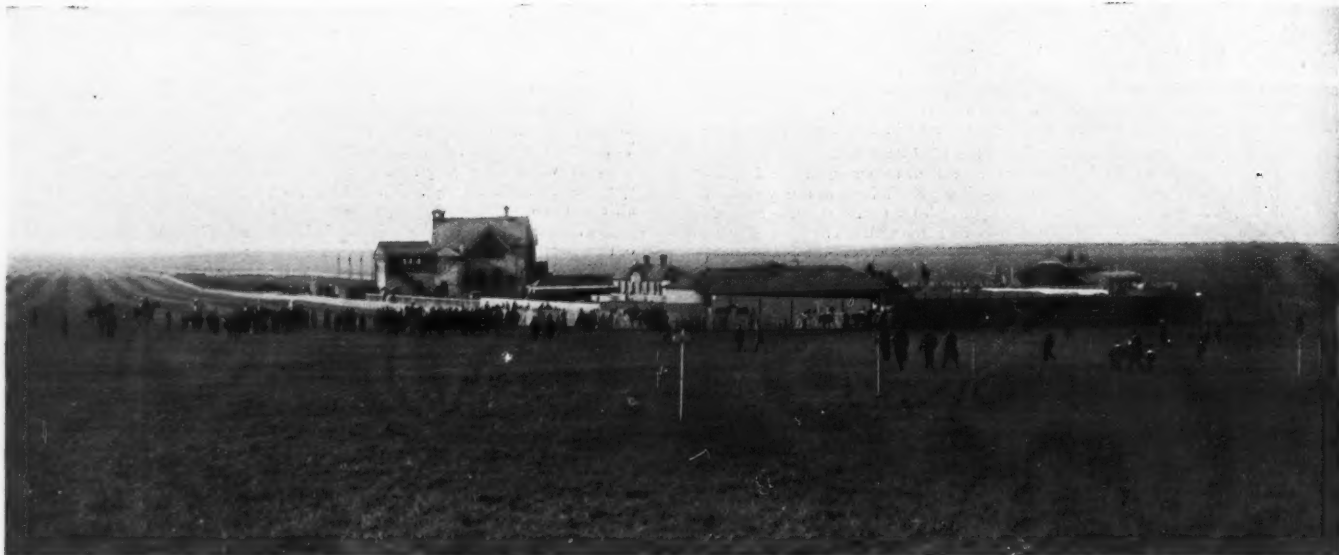
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We are always pleased to assist our readers in matters concerning the garden. We are also in touch with many first-class gardeners, and shall be happy to recommend one to any who may require the services of a reliable man.



THE Newmarket Houghton Meeting is over, and the last racing of the year has taken place at the headquarters of the Turf. To most people this will not be the cause of any very profound grief, as although there has of course been much first-class sport on the far-famed Heath during the season now coming to an end, there has also, as is always the case with Newmarket meetings, been a totally undue proportion of very second-rate and uninteresting racing. I often wonder why the Jockey Club do not conduct their meetings on more up-to-date principles, and with more regard to the comforts and conveniences of the public, who after all keep the "show" going. It is no doubt true that they may not want the public, as they are very fond of saying when reproached with their high charges and antediluvian management, but they do want the public's money, and it would be more in consonance with the dignity of the ruling body to set an example of how race-meetings should be conducted than to preach to others what they never practise themselves. "Example is better than precept" is a proverb which the Jockey Club might well take to heart.

With regard to last week's Houghton Meeting, it undoubtedly contained many objects of interest, and presents much food for reflection. To begin with the principal event of the week, the Cambridgeshire, I am distinctly of opinion that this race took a lot of winning this year, and that Irish Ivy is above the average of Cambridgeshire winners. It is quite certain that Ails and Graces would have won nine Cambridgeshires out of ten, carrying 8st. 3lb., and the fact that Captain Peel's three year old, who was only in receipt of 6lb. for the year between them, beat her easily by three lengths, stamps her as a very useful filly indeed. She ran very fast to the Bushes in the Cesarewitch, but speed is evidently her forte, rather than stamina, and in the shorter race she decisively turned the tables on Scintillant and Ercildoune, both of whom finished in front of her in the long-distance affair.

In that race the Irish filly was giving 14lb. to Scintillant, and 5lb. to Ercildoune, whereas in the Cambridgeshire she was conceding 6lb. and 4lb.



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## BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE ROWLEY MILE.

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but considering how far these two beat her in the first of the two events, the slightly improved terms on which she met them in the second would not have made such a difference as it did, had not the distance been more to her liking. The Cambridgeshire course is evidently not far enough for Scintillant, but Ercildoune, whom I quite expected to win, once looked like doing so, and this is likely to make a very good colt next year if he gets quite sound on his legs during the winter. As it was, he had been lame since running in the Cesarewitch, so was probably short of a gallop or two, whilst he looked to me to go a bit short on his way to the post, and I shall never think that we saw his true form last week. Airs and Graces, who seemed to begin slowly, was putting in some good work at the finish, and Waterhen ran fast, but the attempt to make Eager stay two furlongs beyond his best distance has evidently taken all the heart out of him, and he never looked like winning.

As everyone knows now, the Australian Oban started one of the hottest favourites ever known for this handicap, and in the race itself never had a ghost of a chance of winning. The story of this horse in connection with this race gives one many things to think about. To begin with, he was chucked into the handicap with a much lighter weight than he would have been given had the handicapper known his latest Australian running. By those to whom this form was known he was at once declared to be a real good thing, and so also thought his trainer after Mount Prospect had run such a good race with

Ercildoune at Kemp on Park, that speedy colt having told Robinson something about the Waler in a home gallop not long before.

It was not long, therefore, before he became a good favourite, and so he remained until the week before the race he was opposed in dangerous quarters, and at once went out to 20 to 1, and at the same time Mazeppa, who is the property of the gentleman who works the commissions for the Foxhill stable, took his place as favourite. Weight of money—his owner's and that of the public generally—brought him back to his original position in the market, however, and there is no doubt that the ring would have had a real facer had he won. Under these circumstances horses seldom do win, and Oban was no exception to the rule. Probably he was slightly amiss, well as he looked in himself, and I strongly advise such of my readers as may have lost their money on him this time to wait till he runs again. That he will win a real good race some day I am quite certain.

Mazeppa, who finished third with 7st. 10lb., is evidently a better three year old than we thought, especially as she had been off her feed since her arrival at Newmarket, and looked tucked up. She is a very fine young mare, and will probably pay for following another day. Another horse that ran respectably, and will see a better day, is The Grafter, but I am beginning to give up hopes of Survivor, who has evidently never come back to his form since his journey to this country from Australia. Opinions differed about Oban

when he was seen in the paddock, some people calling him a common brute and others a fine powerful horse. He has a plain head, no doubt, and his big flat feet give him a somewhat clumsy appearance; but there is a lot to like about him, as he is built on true lines, with a lot of power, plenty of quality, and the best of limbs, and he undoubtedly knows how to gallop. I think Irish Ivy, for whom, by the way, her popular and sporting owner gave only 36 guineas when he bought her as a yearling, and whom I am told he has just sold for 6,000 guineas, a very good mare indeed, though probably she would not have won anything like so easily as she did had all been right with Ercildoune. Of the remainder I think that Airs and Graces, Mazeppa, The Grafter, Waterhen, and Oban will all win good races in the future.

The Dewhurst Plate brought out only three runners, it is true, but as they were the first three in the Middle Park Plate, the meeting was an interesting one, and oddly enough resulted in their finishing in the same order as they did for the first of these two events. According to the jockeys who rode in the race Democrat had won his race all the way, though to me it certainly looked as if he was going the worst of the three in the dip, and it is quite evident that he is not at his best coming down hill. Watts, however, seemed afraid to take advantage of the opportunity with Diamond Jubilee, and Democrat pulled himself together up the hill, and quickly getting on terms with the Prince's colt, won easily at the finish by three-quarters of a length, Goblet being close up third. The winner is a good youngster, without a doubt, and has this season won seven races out of eleven efforts. He is a rare hard-wearing sort of horse, too, with the best of limbs, and he is sure to make



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## COMING DOWN TO THE START.

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## "DON'T BREAK AWAY, JOCKEYS, PLEASE."

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a good three year old, although I doubt if he will ever again beat the fast-improving Forfarshire. Diamond Jubilee is, no doubt, a very improved colt, especially in his disposition, and his temper seems to have been completely cured, but I shall always doubt his heart being in the right place, and the way in which he was ridden in the Middle Park and Dewhurst Plates only strengthens the doubt.

Another two year old once thought highly of, but whom I never liked, and who disgraced himself in the Criterion Stakes on Tuesday, is Simon Dale. With his proppy fore legs and weak hocks he is evidently unsuited for acting either up or down hill, and will probably always show his best form on dead flat courses, such as Kempton Park or Doncaster. It was at the latter that he got to Democrat's head in the Champagne Stakes, though that was obviously due to the fact that the latter swerved in the last foyds., and he will never probably be so close to him again. Of the two I much prefer his stable companion Goblet, a nice compact son of Grey Leg, who can gallop a rare pace, and finished third in both the Middle Park and Dewhurst Plates. The winner of this event—the Criterion Stakes—was St. Nydia, by St. Simon out of Nun Nydia, a very nice filly indeed, and probably about the best of her age and sex. I did not see her run second to Lutetia for the Cheveley Park Stakes, but from what I was told by a good judge who saw that race very well, I thought her certain to win last week, which she did in the easiest style possible by a couple of lengths.

The American colt Old Buck II., whose debut it was, ran well, and finished second, in front of Cutaway, who was giving him 4lb. only. He looks like making a useful three year old. Lutetia won the Cheveley Stakes from Blue Diamond and O'Donovan Rossa, the last of whom has gone off sadly since the spring, but I do not think the Yankee filly, speedy as she is, will ever again beat Sir John Blundell Maple's good-looking daughter of St. Simon. The same filly—Lutetia—could only finish third to Chevening and Simonswood in the Free Handicap on Friday, but she was giving 10lb. to the first and 13lb. to the second, and she had Paigle behind her. I shall go thoroughly into the form of this season's two year olds in these notes after the curtain has been finally rung down at Manchester on the 25th of this month.

Of the other events of the past week worth mentioning here, the Jockey Club Cup showed that Merman is no longer in his summer form, though he was no doubt asked to do a big thing in giving 18lb. to the three year old Mazagan, a good-looking colt by Martagon, and evidently useful over the Cesarewitch course. He had beaten Skopos by a head, giving him 12lb., in the Lowther Stakes, since which Skopos had won the Limekiln Stakes, and run fourth in the Cambridgeshire, so that he was naturally made favourite, and he won easily at last from Merman, the value of the form being enhanced by the fact that Tom Cringle finished many lengths behind the pair. The Old Cambridgeshire Handicap was an unsatisfactory sort of race, Airs and Graces, for whom it



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## THE OUTER BIRDCAGE.

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looked good, being shut in on the rails, and although she came with a rare rattle when she got through, it was too late to save the situation. In the meantime, Flambard had gone to the front, and looked like winning easily till he turned it up, and gave way to Lexicon, who, running on stoutly, beat him by a length, with the unlucky Airs and Graces third, and Ameer, who will win a race some day, fourth.

Little Red Rat was a rare good thing for the Flying Handicap, and those who were in the know threw in for a nice win, whilst everyone was glad to see Sir John Blundell Maple's Aquascutum, by Childwick, win a couple of races, namely, the Old Nursery Stakes and the Houghton Stakes. Neither that pretty little mare Fascination, the useful Sibola, nor the thief Harrow could give the weight they were asked to concede to Choson in the Free Handicap Sweepstakes for three year olds (A.F.), which he won in a canter, having made every yard of the running, and this son of Donovan is a useful colt in his own class. Poor old Eager, as game a horse as ever looked through a bridle, and the champion sprinter of his day, was pulled out for the second time on the same afternoon, in the Subscription Stakes; but training and running over the Cambridgeshire distance has ruined his speed and broken his heart, and he hardly tried to beat Chinook and Dieudonne over the Abingdon Mile. Dieudonne never could stay a mile, and so the Yankee filly beat them both. I am always sorry to see a good horse spoiled by trying to make him stay further than he can; but how often do we see it done. The game old son of Enthusiast did not look within stones of what he is at his best, and it was a sad end to a glorious career. He is a grand horse, but when he was a two year old I prophesied of him that he would never stay, on account of his conformation in front of the saddle. Dieudonne is a horse for whom I have never had any liking, although he is undoubtedly very speedy for six furlongs, and when he won the Champion Stakes three weeks ago I wrote in these notes that the opposition must have been very moderate for him to win over a mile and two furlongs. St. Gris's running at Sandown Park endorsed this opinion, and



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## IRISH IVY WITH HER TRAINER AND JOCKEY.

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Dieudonne's own running last week did so more, as not only was he beaten by Chinook in the Subscription Stakes, but also finished behind Skopos, Solitaire, and Sweet Marjorie in the Limekiln Stakes. He naturally stays no better than he did now that he makes a noise.

From a breeder's point of view, the chief interest of the week's racing may be said to centre in the pedigrees of its principal winners, namely, St. Nydia, Irish Ivy, Lexicon, and Democrat. The first of these, St. Nydia, winner of the Criterion Stakes, is by St. Simon out of Nun Nydia, by Hermit, her dam Nydia, by Orest. On her sire's side, therefore, she represents the cross of Voltigeur (Blacklock) on King Tom, with a strain of Birdcatcher through Galopin, and on her dam's she is inbred to Touchstone, whilst on her two inside quarterings she is inbred to Ion. This is a very stout pedigree, and St. Nydia is probably the best filly of her age. Irish Ivy, winner of the Cambridgeshire, is a beautifully-bred filly by Marmion (son of Galopin and Bellicent, by Cremorne out of Lynette, by Lord Lyon) out of Wild Ivy, by Springfield out of Ivy, by King of the Forest. She therefore combines the bloods of Blacklock (through Galopin), Birdcatcher (through Vedette, Lord Lyon, and St. Albans), and Touchstone (through Marsyas and Scottish Chief), added to a strain of Sweetmeat through Cremorne. This is a rare pedigree, suggesting both speed and stamina, whilst her inbreeding to Stockwell combined with the Sweetmeat and Touchstone strains on her two inside quarterings, are especially attractive. Irish Ivy should make a rare brood mare when she has done racing.

Democrat's pedigree has been so often discussed in these notes that I need not say much about it here, except that he strains back in tail male to Faugh-a-Ballagh, by Sir Hercules, son of Whalebone, and that on his dam's side he does not go back to the English Stud Book. His two grandsires, Leamington and Rayon d'Or, have neither of them been stud successes in the States, and although he is certainly a very useful youngster himself, his pedigree is not an attractive one, which is one reason why I shall always expect Forfarshire to beat him as a three year old. The Old Cambridgeshire winner, Lexicon, is a curiously-bred gelding, by Theologian (son of Uncas and Miss Theo, by Leamington, son of Faugh-a-Ballagh) out of Loch Linnie, by Argyie (Newminster and Birdcatcher) from Giltbrook, by Lambton out of a Slane mare. He is therefore bred on the Birdcatcher and Touchstone cross, and is full of Sir Hercules blood, though it is a pedigree which seems to want something to make it complete.

There was a sale of bloodstock on Wednesday, though nothing of much importance was offered or changed hands. The Kingsclere draft contained the only animals that made any prices at all, and St. Bris, by St. Simon out of Nadine, by Wisdom from Fanchette, by Speculum, although one of the worst horses that ever won a Cesarewitch, cannot have been dear at 1,000 guineas, to go to France, I believe, seeing how he is bred, and that he is still sound. The useful three year old Mark Forard, by Rightaway out of Hall Mark, went cheaply, I thought, at 300 guineas, but I doubt if the four year old Hermiston, by Rightaway, dam by Galopin out of Braw Lass, will ever get back the 700 guineas that Mr. Garrett gave for him.

It is no doubt a satisfactory thing that the Jockey Club have at last chosen

a starting-machine, though it is certainly a pity that they have selected the one they have. They had five to choose from, namely, the Polani, the Johnstone and Gleeson, the Carandini, Major Kenny's, and the Gray, of which the Johnstone and Gleeson is certainly the best, whilst the Gray machine which they have selected, simply because it is the cheapest, is the worst. The Johnstone and Gleeson "gate," which is worked by electricity, is perfectly noiseless, absolutely certain in its action, whilst it has an elastic barrier which is most useful in preventing accidents. It has started some 7,000 races without a hitch in Australia, and Mr. Septimus Miller, president of the Victoria Racing Club, spoke very strongly in its favour. It is a pity that, simply on account of expense, which is of no importance at all in a matter upon which so much depends, the Jockey Club should have selected any but the best "machine," and I strongly advise all clerks of courses to go for the best, namely, the Johnstone and Gleeson. I often have to make allusions in these notes to the high-handed and incompetent manner in which Messrs. Weatherby, supported by the Jockey Club, carry on their business. I am glad, therefore, to hear that their last try-on is likely to end in a fizzle. I allude to their impudent attempt to make the Jockey Club pass a law to compel all owners of stallions to register their horses—in other words, to advertise them, for a fee of course, in the Racing Calendar. Anything more outrageous was never mooted, and it is eminently satisfactory to hear that the ruling body are not likely on this occasion to give in to their too-grasping servants. Why the Jockey Club allow this firm to make more than £10,000 a year out of the Calendar, when, by owning it themselves, the whole of this amount might be applied to racing instead of going into the pockets of the Weatherby family, has always puzzled me.

At this time of year, when so many people are looking out for hunters who know their business and are fit to go, and I am asked almost every day if I can recommend anything of the sort, it may not be out of place to tell my readers about a very useful little lot which I happened to see the other day, and which will be sold by Messrs. Warner, Sheppard, and Wade at Leicester on Saturday, the 11th of this month. They are the property of Mrs. Cuthbert, of Hatley St. George, Sandy, and have been regularly ridden with hounds by her and her daughters.

A very beautiful lady's mare is Queeny, 15h. 1in. high, fast and clever, full of quality, one of the best-balanced and nicest shaped animals I have ever seen, and with an absolutely perfect forehead. Cook's Mate is a big, strong, powerful 16h. bay gelding, with a lot of liberty, and a great performer; Banks is a useful upstanding bay mare with a lot of bone; Ruby is full of quality, up to 15st., and a very nice ride; Pilot is a big backward four year old, that will make a great horse some day, and Fireaway is a charming short-legged, long, low grey, with great jumping quarters, and evidently a knowledgeable sort. If anyone wants a good-looking pair of black geldings, with rare shapes, hard useful horses both of them, and quiet in both single and double harness, I advise them to buy Turpin and Radnor. There are some others which I did not see, but of whom I have had high characters, and those that I have seen I can thoroughly recommend.

OUTPOST.



## AT THE THEATRE

**S**IMPLICITY could no further go. "The Black Tulip" is the most ingenuous play of recent days; intentionally so, pleasingly so, brightly so—but so simple that it borders on the attenuated. That the public will welcome it in these days of excitement is

more than likely. It is a restful change from the frivolous comedies, the boisterous romance with which it has been deluged; it is a fresh and pretty picture of Holland in the seventeenth century—a period which has not been overdone; it is delightfully acted, and there is always the fashionable *cléantèle* which the Haymarket Theatre possesses beyond all others to be counted on.

As is well known, Mr. Sydney Grundy has gone to Dumas' "La Tulipe Noire" for inspiration. Dumas himself, with all his dramatic acumen, did not make a play of his story, but Mr. Grundy, with his masterly stagecraft, has fashioned an idyllic and fanciful little piece upon it. How difficult it must have been to give human interest—however fragile—to a subject which has the adoration of the tulip—the cult of the time—for its central theme. But on to this the dramatist has grafted a delicate and attractive story, though hardly a dramatic one in the generally accepted sense. Hardly dramatic, because one is never really moved, but only titillated; the pulse is not stirred from beginning to end, nor is the humour sufficiently insistent to balance matters on that side.

But, for the sake of its prettiness and its purity, more than all for the sake of the charming way in which it is presented and interpreted, no doubt the public will respond to the enticements of Messrs. Harrison and Maude as it has consistently responded hitherto.

In 1672 Holland welcomed the Stadtholder, William of Orange, in spite of the Perpetual Edict which had proclaimed the country a republic. In upholding the old order of things, the two great De Witts, Johann and Cornelis, lost their lives. In the story, Cornelis' godson, Van Baerle, whose life is devoted to the cultivation of tulips in general, and the effort to cultivate the black tulip in particular—for which a great prize has been offered by the Horticultural Society at the Hague—becomes possessed of some of their treasonable papers. He is quite innocent, but when Boxel, a rival tulip grower, informs against him and has him arrested for treason in order that he may steal the bulbs of the precious flower and thus obtain the reward and the glory, poor Van Baerle is condemned to death.

But he is kept in prison for a very long time until William of Orange has the leisure to sign his death warrant. In prison the gaoler's beautiful daughter, Rosa, whom he teaches to read and write, grows to love him, nurtures the bulbs, and brings forth from one of them the priceless black specimen. There are three—one of the others is destroyed by the gaoler, and Rosa herself retains the third. Boxel obtains the flower, rushes off to the Hague, and claims the prize at the great horticultural fête. Rosa follows him, denounces him, confounds him. More





than this, the paper in which the third bulb is wrapped contains proofs of Van Baerle's innocence, and the curtain falls on the happiness of the lovers—Van Baerle having at last discovered that men are more than tulips, and some women much more than some men.

That is all the story. There are some delicious love scenes in the prison between Miss Winifred Emery and Mr. Cyril Maude, as Rosa and Van Baerle, Miss Emery playing with the tenderness and the sweetness we expect from her. Mr. Maude, though not quite at ease in a serious character, assisted her ably. Fine bits of acting are given by Mr. Valentine, as the brutal gaoler; Mr. Samuel Johnson, as a magistrate; Mr. Brewer, as his clerk; Mr. Mark Kinghorne, as Bostel; Mr. Will Dennis, as De Witt; and Mrs. E. H. Brooke, as Van Baerle's housekeeper. The mounting of the play is very picturesque; and the last scene, that of the fête, is grand and beautiful, at the same time being the strongest, dramatically, of the five.

**T**O crush a beautiful and elaborate entertainment like "San Toy" at Daly's Theatre because the story is dramatically weak is to bring a Nasmyth hammer into action for the cracking of a filbert. To criticise a "musical comedy" from the same standpoint as a drama by Ibsen surely shows a lack of the sense of the fitness of things.

As a play, Mr. Edward Morton's new piece is weak, very weak; but who goes to Daly's Theatre for the play? Whenever has there been a real strong story in this class of entertainment? Not, certainly, in "The Geisha," to which the public went in millions. As an entertainment, Mr. George Edwardes has provided a gorgeous and beautiful spectacle. Its music, by Mr. Sidney Jones, is pretty, melodious, and for the most part refined. It is sung by such vocalists as Miss Tempest, Miss Moody, Mr. Coffin, its fun is in the hands of such humorists as Mr. Huntley Wright, Mr. Rutland Barrington, Mr. Fred Kaye.

The scenes in China are artistically delightful, the costumes are superb in detail and dazzling in combination. In a little while the comedians will have studded the librettos with their funniments. At no other theatre in the world is this class of entertainment provided with such taste and refinement. Without holding any brief in any way for Mr. Edwardes, one must say that he deserves infinite credit for the work he is doing at Daly's Theatre.

Some of the songs are exceedingly tuneful and catchy—they are sung by the artists mentioned without flaw. One of the ballads, that rendered by Mr. Coffin, stands out because of its words—a rare distinction; it is by a poet, Mr. Henry Hamilton. Even at Daly's, where the lyrics are always clever and sprightly, this song, "The One in the World," is noticeable. One of the verses runs:

"And she shall walk in perfect beauty,  
And she shall counsel higher things;  
Ennobling work, endearing duty,  
Her hand shall comfort while it clings:  
Her eyes be mirrors Heaven-glassing,  
And gifts to make a monarch proud,  
Her little tender touch in passing,  
Her little look across the crowd.  
Ah! So dear and so human  
As Wife and as Woman:  
An Angel—and for you, Man—her wings she has furled.  
Oh, what price can assess her?  
What praise can confess her?  
God guard her! God bless her! The One in the World!"

All the world knows the story of "San Toy" by this time. It is lamentably weak in the second act, and all the opportunities for funny embroglio are missed. Taste is offended against very rarely, but now and then there are ugly touches in the dialogue. But, take note, "San Toy" will be a great success.

**T**HE Moonlight Blossom" is to be withdrawn shortly from the Prince of Wales's Theatre, and is to be succeeded by a new comedy by Miss Constance Fletcher, whose *nom de guerre* is George Fleming. It will be entitled "The Canary." Rumour has it that in this Mr. Forbes Robertson, whose reputation rests on his impersonations of "austere" characters, will change his *métier* and play a "comedy" part—"something with an eyeglass," a little bird whispers colloquially. But we need not put implicit trust in this canard.

The management of the Savoy Theatre send the following paragraph: "The story of the new Savoy opera is founded upon a legendary episode in the life of the Sultan Mahmūd, who—to quote Clouston—'figures almost as frequently in Persian stories as does Harun-al-Raschid in Arabian tales, and, like that renowned Kalif, seems to have been fond of going in disguise about his capital in the evenings.' One of these Persian stories begins thus quaintly: 'Sultan Mahmūd was in the habit of going about during the night through the streets in disguise; and if he discovered that the shafts of tyranny had wounded any poor man, he was always ready to apply the healing balm of his authority.' It will be remembered that we have already told our readers a little more of Captain Basil Hood's story than this.

Mr. Charles Frohman, wise man that he is, looks well ahead. He is about to produce in New York a new play by our Mr. H. V. Esmond, entitled, "My Lady's Lord." This, if successful, will succeed "The Christian" at the Duke of York's Theatre here. Mr. Esmond, as we have often insisted upon, is one of the very few dramatists to whom we look with confidence for work worthy to uphold the reputation of the drama provided for us by the giants of the present generation.

We are to have another "dream play," with, of all the actors in the world, Mr. Charles Hawtrey as the dreamer. The farce is to be called "A Message from Mars," and is from the pen of Mr. Robert Ganthony, the author of the lively "Brace of Partridges." The plot of the play shows us Mr. Hawtrey in the character of a selfish man of the world, and the incidents we see are those of dreamland.

PHŒBUS.

## SHOOTING GOSSIP.

**W**HEN irregularities occur in the discharge of cartridges from the shot-gun in these days, sportsmen are rather puzzled to decide whether the fault proceeds from the powder or from the caps that are used to ignite it. They are generally disposed to lay the blame on the explosive. In some cases they are right in doing so, but in by far the greater majority of such mishaps can be traced to the caps used in the cartridge-cases. We are aware that this is denied by the cap and cartridge manufacturers, and with more reason now than such denials would have had a few years ago. Cap manufacture undoubtedly has very much improved within recent years, but so has the manufacture of sporting explosives. It is nearly twenty-five years since we first tried nitro-powder in a shot-gun, on the recommendation of a leading London gun-maker, and at that time "wood powder," as it was termed, was a very inferior explosive to what it has now become. But the improvement in nitro-powders went on much more quickly than the improvement in caps and cartridge-cases, and there can be no question that five or six years ago the many irregularities in the combustion of smokeless cartridges were largely attributable to defective caps. It was some years before the world of sport fully realised that there was a great deal involved in the use of proper caps. But on the fact being established, the cry for improved capping became loud, and in answer to it the cap manufacturers began making the large-sized cap generally used on the Continent. The results were not very satisfactory, but the innovation led to the greater study of the question of the best caps, with special reference to their energy, heat, and flame. Mr. Borland, of the E.C. Powder Company, perhaps contributed more than any other scientist to the solution of the question, having made very extensive and valuable experiments in cap manufacture, the results of which were published. The improvement still going on, however, in nitro-compounds rendered the large continental cap unnecessary for their proper ignition. It was found that a cap in size a mean between the large and the small was the most generally serviceable. It is called the "medium," and as the result of many investigations and variances in opinion, has now become more popular than the smallest or largest patterns, which are yearly falling more and more into disuse. The smallest or "ordinary" cap is primed with the same composition as the "medium," but has less of it. Suitable only for nitros of quick ignition, it is less generally useful than the "medium," which the majority of powder manufacturers now recommend for their explosives. The "medium" is rapidly becoming the standard cap for universal use with all sporting nitros, and its use has greatly minimised the grounds for complaint that formerly existed. Where irregularities now occur in ignition with good nitro-powders they are generally attributable to defective priming in the cap. For though cap manufacture has made great strides in some directions, it has undergone no change whatever as regards its priming, or the manner in which the priming is put into the cap. We observe that ammunition manufacturers put this forward as an argument that the powders and not the caps are blamable for all irregularities, but we cannot endorse any such contention. Anyone who has seen caps filled with fulminate in a large factory must recognise that the process is as yet in a very primitive condition, giving every opportunity for errors and mistakes in cap-loading. It is a dangerous process, undoubtedly, and being by hand, all the probabilities are in favour of occasional variations in quantities of fulminate. Further, female labour only is employed in such loading, which we think, on the whole, more conducive to mistakes than if the fulminate were handled by experienced men. As performed, it may be a very delicate operation, but our information is that it is by it impossible to have a hundred caps all primed with exactly the same amount of fulminate in each. If it be admitted that variations do occur, it almost follows that occasionally caps may be supplied with hardly any fulminate at all. This would be quite sufficient, however good the powder, to account for a considerable proportion of irregularities in discharge. The reduction in number of such faults may be caused by greater care in cap priming; but it would seem that cap manufacture in perfection can only be arrived at when someone discovers a mode of accurately measuring the loads of fulminating compound and loading the caps therewith automatically, without the interposition of hand at all. Until then it is thought that sportsmen must continue to have occasional miss-fires and hang-fires, attributable to defective caps and not to bad powders.

The reputation of the Boers as crack marksmen has not been sustained by their shooting in recent engagements with our troops in Natal. It is evident that the Boer as a rifle shot is not the man he once was believed to be. His deterioration in marksmanship no doubt dated from the disappearance of buck in the Transvaal and his dinner having been provided for him for almost a generation independently of his accuracy of aim. He is armed, however, with a splendid weapon in the Mauser, and he is not restricted as he used to be before Majuba Hill in the number of cartridges he is at liberty to use. When the number of luck he brought in had to tally with the number of cartridges he took out, he took care that every bullet found its billet. But for fifteen years he has had comparatively little shooting, and such powers as he possessed must have greatly waned. Nor are the old Boer tactics of lying behind stones with rests for their rifles of much avail against modern British artillery, whose fire renders such positions of vantage untenable. The superiority of our artillery has been demonstrated. Never has the Shrapnel shell been of greater service than in dislodging the Boer troops from advantageous positions. These shells are named after their inventor, Lieutenant Shrapnel, and are described as bodies made either of steel or cast-iron filled with balls which vary in size according to the calibre of the shell. Small rivets attach the head to the body of the shell, and resin within the interstices binds the balls together until they are blown asunder from the case. The bursting charge is either in the base or the head of the projectile, exploding by a fuse acting either on a graze or time. The rifling of the gun gives a rotary motion to the projectile, from which the balls get a centrifugal force, sending them flying in all directions, and causing great destruction. For with a 6in. Shrapnel shell about 300 balls burst over a regiment, while the 67-ton and 110½-ton guns contain 1,367 and 2,330 balls respectively. It is no wonder that

against such projectiles, discharged in numbers among marksmen in ambush or otherwise, all the strategy of the Boers in obtaining shelter and concealment in ensconcing themselves behind kopjes is of little avail. But for the manifest superiority of our artillery, the fight in Natal would be a very much more unequal one. Even with all its strength, as against the admitted weakness of the Boer armament, another anxious week has to be passed for those who have friends and relatives at the front.

The British troops in Boer-land are using Mark IV. and V. bullets, and amidst all the reports we have read nothing as to their man-stopping powers. The accuracy and effectiveness of our artillery fire claims mention in every telegram, to the exclusion of information as to the work of the Lee-Enfields. The fact is, we believe, that at short distances Mark IV. and V. bullets are good man-stoppers, but their powers of expansion decrease as the range increases, and the high velocity at the muzzle falls off. It is at long ranges that their inferiority to the Dum-Dum bullet becomes the more marked. But at long or short ranges we are glad to find that there have as yet been no complaints. With a good man behind it, the Lee-Metford or the Lee-Enfield appears to be a match for the Mauser, even in the hands of a crack Boer marksman.

NEVIS.

## THE PRINCE AT . . STOWLANGTOFT.

THE general character of Mr. Jameson's shooting at Stowlangtoft was dealt with in our last issue with some particularity, and the article and pictures possessed a special interest, in that the Prince of Wales, on partridge-shooting bent, was to be present as Mr. W. G. Jameson's guest on the day of the issue. His Royal Highness was, indeed, still at Stowlangtoft at the beginning of the present week. So were Lord Kenyon, Viscount Coke, Viscount Valletort, Colonel Oliphant, the Hon. Seymour Fortescue, Mr. William James, and, of course, Mr. W. Jameson. In fact, even the Prince of Wales could not have been in better company from the sporting point of view, or, for that matter, from any other point of view. We make no apology for adding to our Stowlangtoft shooting pictures of last week two which space then forbade us to use. They are, in themselves, good and clever pictures, and they represent one of the guns who was out with the Prince of Wales also. All, it is pleasant to be able to relate, went merry as a marriage bell on Saturday. The weather was kind in Norfolk, which was a great deal more than could be said of other parts of the country. The partridges "came in crowds," not by any means "like flocks of evil birds," but as Norfolk partridges, scientifically driven by keepers who know their ground, and by beaters who know their business, should come—hard and fast, and in some parts high. Moreover, the performance of the guns must have been out of the common good. The Prince of Wales is well known to be more than a warrantable performer with a gun, although he is certainly not better than the Duke of York, who is to be reckoned among brilliant shots. But the Prince must have had able assistance, for in the course of the day more than 260 brace of partridges bit the dust. Pheasants were not the

business of the day, but merely an episode. Nevertheless, some half a hundred of them fell to the gun. In a word, the entertainment was one fit for a prince.

## PILCHARDS.

ALL fish are fanciful after their own fashion as to neighbourhood and scenery, and might be called capricious if that word did not suggest a creature unlike a fish in many ways; but this is nothing new, for many years ago fishermen confessed that they had toiled all night and taken nothing, and yet got fine catches in much the same spot the following day. But pilchards seem to be particularly fanciful and to leave a neighbourhood without much reason; yet probably the fact is that their reasons are adequate and cogent, but we do not happen to be able to find out what they are. Forty years ago they were to be found in numbers somewhat to the westward of Start Bay, and the fishers belonging to that bay used to take their drift boats (which were ugly and unwieldy creatures requiring the attendance of three men apiece) to Hope, a name which will recall to walking tourists of that neighbourhood one of the prettiest little spots along that splendid coast. There the men stayed for many days on end in autumn, using their drift nets by night and lying about anywhere by day, with no roof, no fixed meals, no change of clothes, but catching many fish. These fish were bought up largely by the farmers and salted down as winter food for labourers and other servants, the labourers in those days often living and eating in the farmer's house. One fancy that the pilchard, being a thinnish creature at the best of times, may have been little more than salt when winter came, but doubtless it caused thirst, and Devon water is nutritious. A possible alternative was salted conger, and conger, as we all know, acts as turtle on occasion. Slowly but surely the pilchards went towards the west about thirty years ago; the drift boats have rotted or been broken up, and the men who used to lie about at Hope upon the beach now lie below the grass in



W. A. Rouch.

TENDERLY AND WITH CARE.

Copyright—"C.L."

Stokenham, or try to please the fancies of the tourists and trippers who have found out every spot along the coast of recent years without increasing the attractions of the neighbourhood. The pilchards paid what may have been intended as a P.P.C. visit to Start Bay early in the seventies, when a seine was "shot" round them from the shore about 5 a.m. one morning, and when the present writer appeared upon the scene in the afternoon the net was not yet drawn to shore, 6-h were yet being ladled into boats, and the neighbouring water was distinctly oleaginous.

Unless memory is playing pranks, the net that day enclosed some 30,000 fish; but the fishers' toil was not repaid, for the smack that carried off the fish was ill-supplied with ice, the pilchards reached their port in evil plight, and the purchaser—not that he had paid—went bankrupt. Thus, far from gaining any profit for a long day's work, the fishermen were out of pocket, for not thinking a young man infallible, they consulted a lawyer, who extracted no money from the smacksman, but sent in a bill to the poor fishermen; so their last experience of pilchards was hardly happy. The fish which, so to say, vanished from the writer's view about five-and-twenty years ago in Devon have lately come within his ken in Cornwall. The movements of the pilchards towards the west along the Cornish coast would seem to have been as deliberate as those in the same direction



W. A. Rouch.

LORD KENYON CHANGING GUNS.

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along the coasts of Devon. Ten years ago—perhaps much earlier—they had vanished from the inhospitable rocks about the Manacles, and the drift boats of Coverack had begun to fall to pieces. The process of corruption was complete last year, and then the pilchards, which had for years been found only at the extreme western point of Cornwall, began to reappear between the Lizard and the Manacles. The men of Coverack, however, knowing that one swallow does not make a summer, and that one spot of pilchards does not spell prosperity, were in no haste to buy or build new boats, but preferred to borrow one. This process they have repeated this year, but had no sport at first. They are at any rate prepared for an invasion, for they have rebuilt the tower, which had been broken down by time, a tower set upon a hill, whence a duly appointed officer may sweep with telescope the sea, and by a system of signals point out to the expectant fishermen in what direction they must cast their nets. This officer to-day is called a "huer," and is, so to say, the spiritual descendant of the "thunnoscopus" of the Sicilian shores centuries ago. The writer, who heard the word "huer" *in situ* a few days ago, foolishly fancied it to mean the man who raised the "hue and cry," but Liddell and Scott—who cannot err—spell the word as "hooper," so this derivation must be given up; but he is interested to think that on a flat rock of a headland near to Coverack Cove are cut the names of the "hoopers" for the last 150 years. It is true that the writer has not seen these names with his own eyes, but he has heard that they are to be seen from a person "worthy of credit," as the bishops say, and he hopes that no local Liddell will arise to rob him of this belief. A daily paper has lately given us letterpress and pictures whereby to read and see something about the tunny fishing of Sicily as it is to-day, and so it is interesting to have seen lately on the Cornish coast a throne of stones rising from its ruins whence the "hooper" of to-day may catch the first glimpse of the returning prodigal, the pilchard. There will be no need to kill a calf, for the pilchards will be food as well as wanderers. In Devonshire men used to watch upon a hill for mackerel, but there was no fixed man, no title for him, and no throne. Let us end with good wishes for the pilchard fishery of Cornwall, and hope for some other harvest of the sea than wrecks. A pilchard may be an important article of diet, for a poor gentleman in Devon of many years ago, and many sons, being asked how they managed to look so well, in spite of his small means, solved the mystery by saying, "I give 'em pilchards—salt—for breakfast, and they go to the pump for the rest of the day."



### A SEASONABLE LITTLE DINNER.

#### MENU.

Brunoise Soup. Lobster Cream with Oysters.  
Stuffed Kidneys à l'Empress.  
Chicken à la Beaulieu. Roast Pheasants with Water-cress.  
Chocolate Soufflé. Compote of Chestnuts.  
Artichokes à la Marlborough.

#### LOBSTER CREAM WITH OYSTERS.

Make six ounces of panada and pound it thoroughly, then mix it with eight ounces of cooked lobster which has been pounded separately with an ounce of butter; season with celery salt and Nepaul pepper, add a dust of curry powder, and mix to a paste with a tablespoonful of thick velouté sauce; then add two raw eggs, two tablespoonfuls of stiffly-whipped cream, half a teaspoonful of anchovy sauce, and sufficient carmine to make the farce salmon pink. Pass the farce through a sieve, and put it into a border mould which has been buttered and decorated with pieces of truffle cut into fancy shapes. Cover the mould with buttered paper, place it in a stewpan containing sufficient boiling water to reach about halfway up the mould, and steam the lobster cream gently from forty-five to fifty minutes, when the "cream" should be firm. Turn it out, and fill the middle with a fricassee of oysters. Blanch two dozen oysters in their own liquor, and after removing the beards put them into the fricassee sauce for about eight minutes before it is taken from the *bain marie*. For the sauce, take half a pint of thick delicately-flavoured béchamel, add a gill of cream to it, and the yolks of two eggs which have been beaten up with a dessertspoonful of lemon-juice; take care not to let the sauce boil after the eggs are added, and remove it from the stove the instant it thickens; strain it, and reheat when required in a *bain marie*. It is best to have two moulds of lobster; the above is only sufficient for four or five persons.

#### STUFFED KIDNEYS À L'EMPRESS.

Cut three sheep's kidneys—or more, according to the number of persons to be served—in halves, dip them into boiling water and remove the skin; dry the kidneys, and fry them in boiling butter over a quick fire for ten minutes, then stew very gently in rich brown sauce for one hour; take them out of the sauce and put them aside to cool. Cook four ounces of calf's liver with one ounce of butter, one and a-half ounces of fat bacon, a shallot, minced, two or three large fresh mushrooms, a few sprigs of parsley, and a bay leaf. Season with salt, pepper, and a little grated nutmeg, and when the liver is well cooked pound it and the other ingredients in a mortar, and pass them through a sieve. Moisten a large tablespoonful of freshly-made bread-crumbs with a small quantity of boiling cream, and beat it to a stiff paste; add the bread to the sieved liver, etc., and heat the farce in a small saucepan; when it is quite hot remove the pan from the stove and stir in half a well-beaten egg, and spread on a dish to get cold. Take a small portion of the farce and fill half a kidney with it, shaping it to the form of a cone; when all are ready, flour them lightly, dip them into beaten egg, and cover thickly with fine dry crumbs; let the kidneys stand for ten minutes, and then fry them in a wire basket. Serve each kidney on a fried mushroom which has been neatly trimmed, and place them on a bed of carefully-prepared spinach, arranged down the middle of a silver dish; garnish with little leaves of puff pastry, and pour thick tomato sauce round the spinach.

#### CHICKEN À LA BEAULIEU.

Cut a chicken (or two, if necessary, when the quantities given should be doubled) up into joints and neat pieces, remove the skin, and dust them

with salt and pepper. Put two tablespoonfuls of the finest olive oil into a sauté-pan, and as soon as it is quite boiling put in the pieces of chicken and cook them for about twelve minutes, turning them frequently so that they may not become at all brown. Drain the chicken on soft paper on taking it from the pan, and then wipe it with a cloth so as to ensure its being free from oil. Have ready a pint of suprême sauce, place the chicken in it, and let it cook very gently in a moderately hot oven for one hour. Make half a pint more sauce than is required to cook the chicken, and twenty minutes before taking the latter from the oven make it hot in a small stewpan, and add to it about half a medium-sized tin of button mushrooms, half-a-dozen truffles cut into slices, and a dozen stoned olives, and five minutes before taking the pan from the stove add three dozen white grapes from which the skins and stones have been removed. When the chicken is done, remove the pieces from the sauce and put them into a hot silver casserole; strain the mushrooms, etc., and add them to the chicken. Place the stewpan in which the bird was cooked on the stove and add a gill of cream to the sauce, and when it boils draw the pan to the side of the stove and stir in the yolk of an egg which has been beaten up with half a wineglassful of Chablis; continue stirring for a moment or two, and then strain the sauce into the casserole and sprinkle some finely-chopped parsley over the top.

#### COMPOTE OF CHESTNUTS.

Boil as many chestnuts as are required in sufficient water to cover them, and when they are nearly cooked drain them and remove the skins; then put the nuts into a clean saucepan with some cold water. When it boils take them out and rub off the inner skin, and stew them very gently in pine-apple syrup which has been coloured a clear red with carmine. When the chestnuts are quite tender and clear in appearance put them aside to get cold; let the syrup in which they were cooked boil up and reduce it a little, add a wineglass of cherry brandy to it, and strain it over the nuts, and place on ice for about an hour before the compote is required. Serve it with a border of iced whipped cream which has been coloured a pale pink and flavoured with cherry brandy, and garnish the top with glacé cherries and little leaves cut out of wide strips of angelica.

#### ARTICHOKES À LA MARLBOROUGH.

Take some bottled artichoke bottoms and heat them in the liquor in which they were preserved, then drain them on a cloth and put them aside to cool. Put half a pint of water into a saucepan with two ounces of butter; season with celery salt and cayenne, and as soon as the water boils, sift in very gradually four ounces of flour which has been dried and sifted, and stir quickly with a wooden spoon until a perfectly smooth paste is formed; let it cook for about six minutes, or until it will leave the sides of the pan without sticking, and then take it from the stove. Add one egg to the paste, and when it is well mixed add a second, and lastly a yolk only; beat the mixture for a few seconds, and sprinkle into it two ounces of grated Parmesan cheese. Place the artichokes in the cheese mixture, and coat them well with it; have ready a bath of boiling fat, dip a spoon into it, and take up one of the artichokes at a time, drop them into the fat, and cook until they are of a pale golden colour; drain them well, and serve at once, piled on a doyley, with a little grated cheese scattered over them.

CHARLOTTE RUSSE.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

#### TIPS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have been interested in reading your notes on the question of tips. Tips are getting fewer and less, but whether it is from the repeated condemnation of the Press, or the deterioration of the generous spirit in the English gentleman, I can't say. I should like to know whether anyone else has had the experience which I myself had when applying for Butler's situation to a well-known wealthy Baronet in the North. It was a question of wages. The noble Baronet said he would not give more than a certain sum, as there were lots of tips at his place. I went, and found the tips few and far between. Tips, when they come, are very acceptable, for when there is company in the house one always has extra white shirts and collars, etc., and very late hours, and sometimes treated as dirt. So I trust that the gentlemen who object to tipping will remember when paying their own men to make up for the tips which have ceased to come.—BUTLER.

#### SMALL PONY CARTS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I see in the issue for October 7th of COUNTRY LIFE an illustration of a little carriage for two Shetland ponies, and observe that the lady owning it wishes to see a picture of a small carriage for one pony. Herewith I send you a photograph of a little cart I lately had built for that purpose, and in

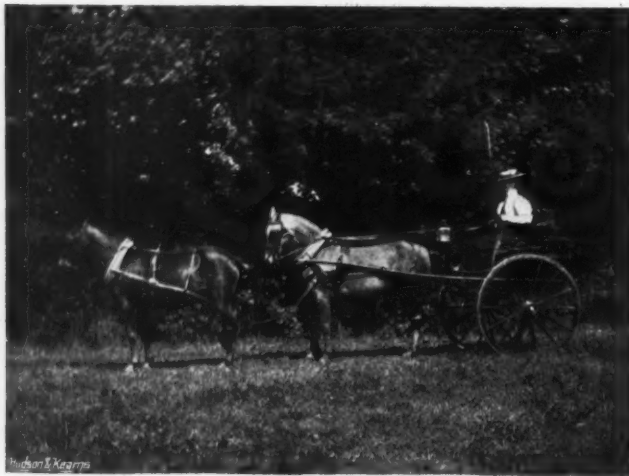




which I drive a Shetland (also purchased of the Ladies Hope), 38½ in. high, just over four years old, and which is amply strong enough to draw it. I should mention that the mat has been allowed to fall over the footboard, making the cart look heavier than it should. It really is little more than a light chair, and is very comfortable. It is so low there is no need of a step, which was arranged for me, being a cripple. The pony's name in the Stud Book is Minx. I also enclose a photograph of the same pony and her stable companions—a handsome cob just under 13h., and a remarkable Egyptian donkey, 12h., which has been in our hands for the past eleven years, and has never been known to do wrong. Neither has he ever been hit with whip or stick in his life. The difference in size between him and the Shetland is well shown in the photograph. Both photographs are at your service should you care to illustrate them, and I could lend you the negatives if needed. Knowing you like unusual things for your very interesting paper, I thought you might like them.—E. M. W.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I was so very much interested in your issue of COUNTRY LIFE for October 7th to see a miniature curriole for Shetlands, and as your correspondent asks if you have any photograph of a little cart for one pony, I am sending you this little photograph of a miniature tandem cart and two pure Dartmoor ponies. It may interest some of your readers to see the different types of these miniature breeds, the Dartmoor, of course, being considerably larger than the Shetland. I hope this photograph may be good enough for your charming paper, the illustrations in which seem more interesting and beautiful every week.—IMOGEN COLLIER.



[We are obliged to our correspondents for both the letters and the photographs. The subject of pony carts is one which, by reason of the variety in the sizes of ponies, offers great scope to the ingenuity and skill of the carriage-builder; and from these letters, as well as from others that we have received, it is clear that it is a vein which carriage-builders might well work out. We regret that in this section of the paper we cannot very well publish the names of builders.—ED.]

#### SHOOTING SEALS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—May I be allowed to correct a slight mistake that appeared in your most interesting paper, COUNTRY LIFE, of October 21st. Under "Country Notes" I saw a paragraph on seal shooting, and whilst I certainly agree about shooting seals in places where they are not abundant, and where they are simply shot for the sake of shooting, I wish to point out that your statement "that they are nearly as useless when dead as they are harmless when alive" is not quite accurate. I have spent some time in the Western Islands of Scotland during the last two years, and have shot several seals, much to the delight of the natives, who greatly prize the oil, as they declare it is far superior to cod-liver oil, and they take it themselves, and also give it to their dogs, horses, and farm stock. The natives of North and South Uist make an annual excursion to some large rocks on the Atlantic side of the islands on purpose to kill seals for their oil. The skins are of little use, except for cartridge-bags and tobacco-pouches, and for the former they are hard to beat, as no rain will ever get through them. Seal shooting is a most healthy and exciting sport, but it is necessary to stalk them when they are basking on the rocks, or else swimming in shallow water, so that they can be seen at the bottom when they sink, and whence they can easily be picked up by a gaff, or by a fish-hook fixed to a long stick. It does not hurt the skins to be under water for three or four days, and if the sea is too

rough to see them at the bottom when you shoot them, you can wait for a fairly calm day before looking for them.—H. G. T.

["H. G. T." is no doubt justified in his protest. Our principle in a matter of this sort is to hear all sides, and perhaps the Editor may be permitted to make a personal confession. He has himself shot a seal or two on the Welsh Coast, justifying himself because there is no doubt that the seals are highly injurious to the salmon fishing. He has himself seen a seal go over the top of the seine, reappear with a salmon in his mouth, and glide over the top of the net into the open. Yet, having shot one or two of them, he is inclined to have qualms—a thoroughly illogical position, but, he ventures to say, quite natural.—ED.]

#### QUOTATION.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have tried to find a few lines (say four) of verse by a good author in praise of driving four-in-hand, to be placed beneath a drawing, but cannot hit on anything suitable. If you could favour me with a suggestion, it would be a great kindness, and much oblige.—W. P. ROBERTSON.

[We know none better than this:

"What can Tommy Onslow do?

Why! he can drive a coach and two.

Can Tommy Onslow do no more?

Yes! he can drive a coach and four."—ED.]

#### IRISH TERRIERS DIVING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Although I take in your paper, and have done so ever since the first number, I did not, however, see the numbers for October 7th and 14th, having lent them to friends, and having had no time until to-day to read them up. I think diving comes naturally to Irish terriers, as they are always on the look-out for anything they may see in the water, either from a height or on the edge. Two Irish terriers of mine would dive any height after any object they saw below the surface or a stone being thrown in, picking up not the original stone, of course, but bringing back a stone. My terriers, Lynmouth Surprise, K.C.S.B. 23,668, and Paddy O'K, late Sequah, both bought from Mr. George Krehl, were wonders that way, and in the harbour at Bruges, about 100yds. from the Custom House, the dogs in looking over the quay saw a water-rat swimming below the surface. They both simultaneously dived off the quay and disappeared, reappearing some yards further off, fighting together as only Irish terriers can fight. They were covered with mud. A friend being with me, I asked him to climb down on to the deck of a yacht which was moored to the quay (I think she was the yacht Sirex, and had come from England via Antwerp and Ghent, drawing 8ft.), and get into the dinghy and pick up the dogs. As Lynmouth Surprise was the heavier dog of the two, and as they were fighting doggedly to the bitter end, Paddy O'K being undermost, with only his head above water, he was in danger of being drowned. There was only one hand on board the yacht, and we got his permission to use the dinghy, and hauled the dogs still fighting into the boat. Anyone remembering Lynmouth Surprise on the bench would have noticed that his tail was not docked too short, and that was the way he was hauled in, with Paddy O'K hanging on to his lower jaw. They were all right when brought on the deck of the yacht, and I felt sorry for the clean decks, but the yacht hand that time didn't seem to think it would be too much trouble to clean up. These dogs have stood on bridges over rivers and canals, etc., and watched, standing on the parapets, for anything that might take their fancy, diving after rats seen swimming below the surface, and killing them and bringing them back to the bank, sometimes having to swim some distance before they could land. Lynmouth Surprise was poisoned by picking up something on the beach at Brighton two years ago. Paddy O'K is alive, and will dive off the groins at Brighton on a stormy day when the waves are high; he will watch his opportunity, and will dive right through the clear part of the wave advancing towards him. Sometimes I have had to remain an hour or an hour and a-half trying to get him to come out when young men were throwing cricket balls and stones for him to bring back. He always dives in exactly the same manner as the terrier in the photograph of October 7th, "In mid-air." I have seen him swimming like mad trying to catch up a ricocheting stone, and have seen him jump out of the water into the air, and catch a stone in his mouth as it came ricocheting towards him. I bought both dogs with a high reputation for gameness, and game they were. The stock-keeper said of Lynmouth Surprise, "This dog is a splendid-made Irish terrier, with one of the best heads in the breed, grand front, body, loins, and wonderful bone and coat." Also, "A rare good Irish terrier; a stamp one reads about but seldom sees, with grand head and shoulders, legs and feet." He was a faithful friend, and I can see his grave from where I write. I enclose you a photograph of them both. The stock of both these dogs are the same in their love of water. I think any Irish terrier will dive and kill under water, at least that is my experience. These dogs were with me three months in Paris, and understood every word of French that was said to them by the men who had charge of them.—CHESHUNT.

